

# COLLIER'S

For January 31, 1903

Containing an Article by Ethel Barrymore, with her Portrait by Paul Helleu, and a Double-page Illustration by C. D. Gibson

## HOUSEHOLD NUMBER



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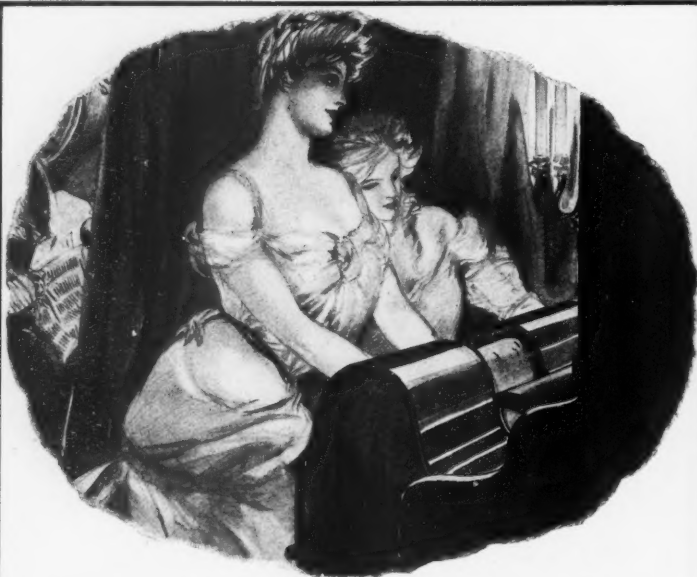
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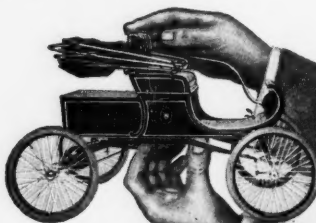
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# COLLIER'S

JANUARY HOUSEHOLD NUMBER



ETHEL BARRYMORE

FROM THE DRY-POINT ETCHING BY PAUL HELLEU. DRAWN FROM LIFE FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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See "THE YOUNG GIRL AND THE STAGE," by ETHEL BARRYMORE, on page 8

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invites every reader of *Collier's* to express his or her opinion of the paper and to offer suggestions of ways to make it still more to their liking. To those who most thoughtfully and helpfully answer the series of ten questions given elsewhere, monthly prizes aggregating in the year many thousands of dollars are offered.

**Contest for January Closes With This Number**

Every detail of the contest, which is freely open to you, has been explained in recent issues of *Collier's*. You have nothing to do but answer on a single sheet the ten questions given elsewhere and mail your list before February 5th to

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## COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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New York, Saturday, January 31, 1903

THIS is the last number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY that comes into consideration for the January Lion's Mouth Competition. The full particulars of the contest have been stated in full many times in these columns. The questions are again printed on page 29 of this issue. Remember that the contest closes February 5th and that prizes aggregating \$320 in value will be distributed to the winners. For four cents we will send to any address The Lion's Mouth booklet, which tells all about the competitions and all about the prizes.

### "Stay, Gentle Sirs!"



IT is not to be doubted that many a masculine reader will, on seeing the cover of this week's Collier's with "Household Number" writ large above it, cast down the offending copy in disgust, with visions of dress-patterns, complexion treatises and pie recipes in mind. Of such we only ask that they "suspend judgment" to the extent of glancing through the following pages. But before starting on this little journey of criticism let the Editor tell them something of the Idea behind these Household Numbers. First of all, there is no publication whose appeal is more singly addressed to the masculine interest than the Weekly. Its field is the world of action and achievement, where men and nations struggle for supremacy, where capital and labor grapple in deadly conflict, where each week's history glorifies some new hero, whether statesman or inventor or captain of industry. It is because the Weekly renders so faithfully the color of the time, tainted with commercialism as some have thought, that we have planned to give once a month a number that shall remind us of the higher and sweeter interests, those interests which have been immemorably associated with the home, and which Matthew Arnold grouped under the title of "Sweetness and Light." At each month-end, therefore, we shall try to show something of the "silver lining" behind a civilization whose aims are sometimes sordid, and turn from the din of machinery, the buzz and wrangle of the Stock Exchange, to the home-happiness which finds its joy in children, in books, in plays, in pictures, and in many-sided Nature. These Numbers are intended as much, if not more, for the men from whose daily lives have been shut out this "sweetness and light," as for the women upon whom rests the responsibility of making their homes attractive.

### "The Dead Letter Office of a Woman's Heart"

NOT a woman who does not in fine feminine visions—in her clearer glimpses of life—think things she wants to say to men whom she knows—to husband, mayhap, certainly to father and fiance, brother and son. But the reserved dignity of the burly humans to whom she wishes to speak—their self-poise that comes from absorption in business far removed from her sensitive intuitions—these bar out her free expression. When she is with the men, to save them nerve vibration, she sweeps away her analysis and visions, and merges herself in their interests.

In this conflict between women's intuitive impulses and desires to speak out, and reverence and regard for the heavy unthinkingness of the men—that sort of puppy good-nature and eye, satisfiedly unconscious of her repression, with which they regard her over their coffee cups—in this conflict women are apt to fly for refuge to the confidences of letter-writing. Upon paper they set down their crises—sometimes heart and soul crises. But they almost never send the letters to those to whom they are written. At times they destroy them. Sometimes, however, they keep them many a year in the Dead Letter Office of their Hearts.

Now we, realizing the conditions we have above sketched, ask women who have written, or who are writing such letters, to send them to our Dead Letter Office of a Woman's Heart. They will fall into most sympathetic hands. A trio of judges, not only of literary qualities but of human force and feeling, will read and judge these letters. And in the ensuing months the Household Number of Collier's Weekly will publish, in each number, three of the best.

The series of letters will be arranged as follows:

For the February Number—A Wife to a Husband.  
For the March Number—A Sister to a Brother.  
For the April Number—A Daughter to a Father.  
For the May Number—A Mother to a Son.  
For the June Number—A Girl to Her Fiance.  
For the July Number—A Girl to a Man Comrade.

For the letters published in each number we will award honoraria: \$25 for the best letter; \$15 for the second best; \$10 for the third best.

We ask women kindly not to sign with a name, but with a motto. When her letter is published the writer should send her name and address, with the motto she chose, in order that we may forward the check.

All letters will be held in greatest confidence and destroyed after the contest is closed. They should be addressed to COLLIER'S WEEKLY, "Confidential."



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**M**R. MARCONI HAS demonstrated again in a spectacular way his ability to transmit messages by wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic. On January 19 the President and King Edward exchanged greetings; the messages passing through the new station in Massachusetts. Apparently Mr. Marconi is moving very swiftly toward his object, which is, of course, to create a practical system for the transmission of intelligence between the continents. He expects to be able to "take care of commercial business" in three or four months. This is the natural enthusiasm of the inventor. If it is three or four years before he can obtain certain and uninterrupted communication, the part of the public that is not looking for miracles from him will be satisfied. At present the system is far from perfection. It is subject to difficulties that by no means affect the wonderful principle that the inventor has developed, but

A MARCONI TRIUMPH

for the moment prevent his invention from entering into competition with the cables. That he will succeed in making his wireless telegraph something more than a marvellous discovery upon which all the adjectives expressive of wonder and bewilderment fall flat and that eventually he will discipline it to be the reliable servant of the two continents, we have a strong guarantee in his splendid perseverance and courage. The world can afford to wait a while for this achievement, which will rank among the most important in history. In the meantime let us congratulate Mr. Marconi on his success to this point and wish him well for the future.

**T**HE RE-ELECTION OF Senator Platt was so much a foregone conclusion that we can but admire the courage and enthusiasm of those who opposed it. There is no doubt that public sentiment in the State was against Mr. Platt. But it was an unorganized public sentiment and it was enfeebled by the knowledge that opposition was useless, and also, perhaps, by a form of generous sympathy for an aged person whom time has deprived of much of his power for mischief. A poll taken by one of the opposition newspapers disclosed unanimity on the part of the college professors and authors against the Senator. But the politicians and the financiers and presidents of corporations were gallantly united in his favor. Thus is Mr. Platt rewarded for a long career, in which he has patiently ignored the appeals of the learned and sought by many devious ways to conciliate the real forces in New York politics. We suspect that the same cleavage exists in other States, and that if the

THE BOSS AND THE PROFESSORS

truth were known very few Senators would take their seats by the suffrages of the professors. Perhaps this is regrettable, but, on looking over the names suggested by the doctors in case their appeals should be heard by Mr. Platt's Legislature and a successor be required for the Easy Boss, we are not prepared to recommend them for the virtue of political knowledge. They were not at all united on the fittest man to represent their State in the Senate. Many of them named distinguished persons, but the list for the most part was made up of incorruptible nobodies, parochial celebrities, founders of chairs in colleges and other small deer who have never fought their way into the dictionaries of biography. It is lamentable to think that these pious and public-spirited men should be so often actuated by the same spirit of gratitude for favors done and of expectation of favors to come that was Senator Platt's reliance in dealing with politicians and corporations. On the whole, the college professor makes a poor fist at politics. He will never do better until he begins to treat it as a learned profession, one of the most learned and most difficult to learn in the world. Its mysteries are not for the occasional student or the amateur adventurer. Senator Platt has burned the midnight Standard oil over its intricacies, and he knows as much more about it than President Hadley as President Hadley knows more about Greek than Senator Platt.

**W**E HAVE ALWAYS looked upon the South Dakota divorce as a State industry, like the mining of coal in Pennsylvania. There appeared to be no very good moral reason why South Dakota should maintain courts for the quick solution of the marriage tie. It must be a business reason. The divorce cases are good for the learned profession of the law in South Dakota. They develop trade. They bring money into the State. The poor remain at home and continue married, but an assured income is necessary for a six months' residence far from the base of supplies and before the alimony begins to bloom. Looking at it from that angle, considering the custom-made divorce as a home industry of one of the proudest of the States, the Supreme Court of the United States has been guilty of an act in restraint of interstate trade. It has decided that the South Dakota divorce is not a solvent in Massachusetts. The first wife of a Massachusetts man, who had obtained a decree in South Dakota and married again, sued for her share of the estate. The Massachusetts court decided that the divorce is invalid and the Supreme Court upheld the decision, on the ground that the establishment of a residence in South

Dakota by the husband was merely a fraudulent step taken for the purpose of securing the divorce. This strikes at the very root of the South Dakota system, for it will be conceded that a divorce which is only valid in South Dakota is not of much use to a man or a woman who expects to live in another State. We suspect that the institution is tottering for a fall and that it needs only one good push from the decent people of South Dakota to send it over. The decision again points out the old troublesome question of the lack of uniformity in the divorce laws of the States. It has been the subject of almost endless discussion, but no one has ever suggested a reasonable remedy. Sects, sections and individuals disagree as to the proper causes for the annulment of the holy bond. A good many people believe it should not be annulled for any cause; a good many other people believe it should be annulled at the option of the distracted parties. But this much has been made clear by the Supreme Court's decision; the control of each State over the marriage relation within its own borders is not to be abridged by the action of any other State. The South Dakota divorce is good in South Dakota, but elsewhere it is fraudulent and bogus. The Supreme Court does not further unsettle the divorce question. It merely brands one form of divorce laws as founded upon bad faith and fraud.

A BLOW AT A STATE INDUSTRY

**T**HE SCARCITY OF COAL throughout the country continues, although there is more coal in the market than there was a week or two ago. The railway companies have done something to relieve the situation by increasing charges on coal standing in their yards and by declining to sell any more to speculators who have coal on hand which they are holding for better prices. In the meantime both Houses of Congress have passed the bill rebating coal duties for a year and thus have made it possible for dealers to break the "famine" eventually by bringing in Canadian coal. But we can give our readers little hope that coal will be cheap this winter. It may not be as dear later as it is now, but the price will not return to the level of last year. The suffering and hardship that follow in the train of the advanced cost of the necessities of life are inevitable. A great part of the coal now above the surface of the earth is in the hands of those scrupulous political economists, the independent operators and the speculators. They will hardly be expected to practice philanthropy in its distribution. To do so would be to offend the sacred law of supply and demand which remains in force in spite of the industrious efforts of the Texas Legislature to repeal it. It would be useless to point out to them that their case is not far different from that of the miser who hoards corn during famine time. He also works intelligently under the law of supply and demand. But in several towns the people have temporarily suspended this beneficent natural law and have laid violent hands upon the coal supply in the railway yards. Very few persons can find it in their hearts to reproach this misdemeanor. Long before the political economists discovered the law of supply and demand the natural philosophers found a higher law which in general terms reads that when a man hungers he will find food and when he is cold he will find fuel. In times of distress this law sometimes works with a repealing clause directed against all other laws that conflict with it. There is also something to be said on the subject of permitting the law of supply and demand to work naturally. Persons who attempt to hasten its effects and unite to increase the demand by hoarding or curtailing the supply frequently pass from its generous protection into the jaws of man-made statutes against criminal conspiracies.

COAL AND CONSPIRACY

**T**HE ATTITUDE OF the German forces in Venezuelan waters continues to excite mild apprehension at Washington. Awaiting the settlement of the question of arbitration, the British fleet has been inactive. The German naval officers, on the contrary, have made several moves, seemingly for the purpose of exasperating the Venezuelans and forcing them to retort in a way that would complicate the situation. On January 17, the German gunboat *Panther*, after reconnoitring, forced an entrance at Maracaibo and bombarded the fort. The fort replied, and the *Panther* retired. The Berlin officials throw the responsibility for this act on the commander of the *Panther*. Unfortunately the belief prevails in Venezuela that Germany is determined to find a cause for violently taking possession of land. That this is no idle fear is proved by the statements made by German officers to one of the correspondents of *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* not long ago. The impression created on the correspondent's mind was that the German commanders were working out a policy far different from the one that appeared in the despatches between this government and Berlin. The "impudence" and "rashness" of naval officers are often useful in carrying out the wishes of foreign offices. The Germans in Venezuela will bear watching.

THE STEALTHY GERMAN





THE CHAIRMAN OF THE House Committee on Judiciary, Mr. Jenkins of Wisconsin, has introduced a resolution calling upon that committee to report to the House its opinion as to the power of Congress to seize the coal mines and coal railways. The resolution is not likely to have immediate results of far-reaching importance. This is not the Congress for radical action. The less it does the better its leaders will be satisfied. But the resolution is most extraordinary when one considers that Mr. Jenkins occupies a high position in the section of Congress that is supposed to be most deeply concerned for the rights of property and against the progress of socialism. The Chairman of the Judiciary Committee is a good deal more radical than most of his associates. But he is a staunch Republican and head of one of the most important of Congressional Committees. The interesting feature of his action is that it should be taken by a Republican and in a Republican Congress without arousing a hurricane of indignation from all parts of the country. A few years ago Mr. Jenkins would have been denounced as an anarchist or worse; he would have been gibbeted with Debs and the late Governor Altgeld. To-day his resolution is discussed with respectful toleration when it is noticed at all. The fact is another symptom of the growth of

#### GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

the idea of government ownership of natural monopolies. In less than ten years it has ceased to be treated as the obsession of dangerous enemies of government. It is discussed with every evidence of amiability by notorious patriots. In a mild form it is mildly advocated by the professors of colleges. It finds its way into bills in Congress without causing the roof to cave in. It even colors the public utterances of cabinet officers and federal judges. In short, it has become respectable. We mention this merely as a political phenomenon worthy of the attention of all our readers who care to indulge in the luxury of political philosophy. It may come to nothing in the end. We have seen many instances in our own generation of the rise of a political doctrine from obscurity, and its relapse into oblivion within a few years. Possibly, we may even say probably, this is what will happen to government ownership. Private ownership is more faithfully defended here than in any other country in the world. This will always be true while the abundance of the land makes it possible for individual industry and intelligence to crown itself with riches. But in the meantime it is interesting to observe that such a resolution as that introduced by Mr. Jenkins should not arouse the fathers of the party from their graves, and that government ownership should become a subject for rational discussion between persons who admit each other's patriotism and good faith.

"Sir Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson, low  
By name, and ah! by nature so!"

THUS MERRILY RHYMED Tom Moore on Napoleon's arrogant jailer. There were many liberal writers—using the word liberal in the political sense—to take up the satiric strain, and, indeed, Sir Hudson was one of the best abused men of his time. But the making over of damaged historical reputations is now in order. After nearly a century of obloquy, which, the world has generally voted, was deserved, the sturdy old Briton is about to have his inning. Heretofore he has been interesting chiefly because he afforded to Napoleon the luxury of that great man's last intense personal hatred. The irritant has also bitten deeply into every lover of the Napoleonic legend. "The Savior of the World," wrote the pious Heinrich Heine, on the Emperor's death, "who suffered under Hudson Lowe, as it is written in the Gospels of Las Casas, of O'Meara and of Autommarchi." But all this is now to be changed, or at least greatly modified. Sir Hudson, it would seem, has not waited in vain the statutory term of a

#### SIR HUDSON LOWE

hundred years for rehabilitation. The Devil's Advocate will not indeed be wanting in his office—he never is, even with respect to less blameful characters than Sir Hudson Lowe. But his case against the stern old keeper of "The man Bonaparte," as the London "Times" in those days used to call the fallen Emperor, is now at last seen to be distinctly weaker than the partisans of the Napoleonic legend might have expected. The common curse of all who share in the sentiment of Napoleon-altry has been most heartily bestowed upon Hudson Lowe. Only one name has been linked with his—it is Heine who does it—in the bad eminence which he has achieved: that of the infamous London-derry, better and worse known as Castlereagh. And yet, oh, wonder of time, here is Sir Hudson Lowe, not merely looking up after a hundred years of invective, but actually getting a "character." This new view of the man who was described as "Napoleon's torturer" is based upon the recently published reports of Count Belmain, Russian Commissioner at St. Helena during the period of the Emperor's exile. In these reports the so long and so vehemently cursed Governor of St. Helena appears as a man who did his plain duty, and that with the utmost delicacy and consideration. "Sir Hudson Lowe tries his best to satisfy Napoleon," reports the Russian

diplomatist; "treats him with respect, uncomplainingly puts up with his rudeness, tolerates his whims, does, in fact, the impossible. But to Napoleon he will never appear anything but a scourge. To sum up the situation in a phrase, the man who knows only how to command is in the power of a man who knows only how to obey." The document here quoted seems the more entitled to credit from the fact that Count Belmain was the only member of the Commission who succeeded in gaining the royal prisoner's confidence and friendship. Sir Hudson Lowe's late measure of justice and reparation thus comes from a Russian hand—a hand, too, that, like his own, has been cold for many a year. And yet it is likely that Tom Moore's verse will continue to form the world's opinion of Lowe. We advise all public men to be careful how they treat poets. No man can bargain with history. It plays tricks with the greatest and the strongest. But a poet may be conciliated, and it is well for the great to treat him indulgently lest they be preserved for centuries as an object of general contempt. After all, the popular history of the early part of the eighteenth century is not the manuscripts discovered in old houses, but the satires of Pope.

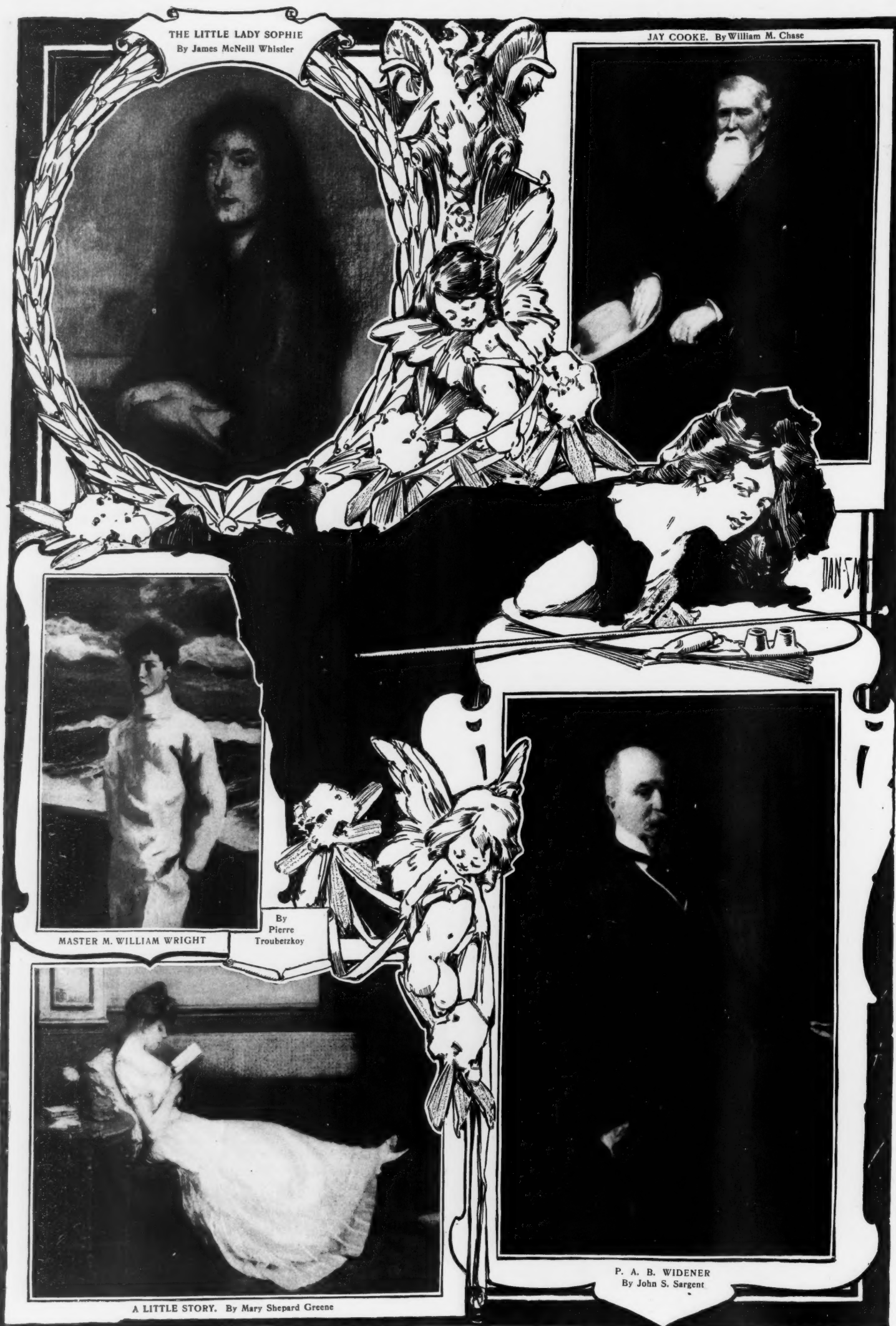
#### VICTOR HUGO'S TERRIBLE story, "The Man Who Laughs,"

had an echo the other day in a New York police court. Every one who has read the great French writer's account of the fiendish mountebanks who in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries made a business of disfiguring children in order to fit them for beggars, has assuredly wished that it were not true. On that score, it is to be feared there is little room for doubt. Hugo marshals his facts with the cold impartiality of a historian, even though he applies them with the art of a master of fiction. A worse thought is that the manufacture of the lame, the halt and the blind for the same evil purpose should persist even to the present day. Of this monstrous fact there can be no question, it would seem, in view of some revolting discoveries made by the police of St. Petersburg not long ago. But we need not go so far from home. Here in New York evidence of this abominable industry has turned up from time to time, although, of course, neither at home nor abroad does it flourish to anything like the extent set forth in Hugo's ghastly romance. This is the day of the Humane Society. For one reason and for another, court jesters are not now made to order for any merry sovereign, nor are dwarfs ingeniously dislocated to "caper nimbly in my lady's chamber." All that belongs to the good old times celebrated by the poets. But the case in point above referred to would seem to prove that the human heart in its wickedness does not change. A blind young man arrested for mendicancy told the magistrate that he was brought to this country from Russia when he was thirteen years old. His parents sent him on the streets to beg, telling him to look constantly at the sun, and this would give him the appearance of being blind. Through fear, the poor wretch said he too faithfully obeyed them and became stone blind in consequence. The touch of horror in this man's story is equal to anything in Hugo's novel. We have heard much of the "fake" beggars of New York, and we should be content to hear of and suffer from them a great deal more rather than get an item like this in the day's news. The "fake" beggar, the happy "hobo," the ready-made "panhandler" may have their due plan in the great American humor show, and we really do not see what the comic illustrated weeklies would do without them; but this blind Russian beggar belongs to a very different order—to that class of unfortunates upon whom the genius of Victor Hugo has invoked undying pity.

#### THE MAKING OF BEGGARS

MONTHS AGO COMMENT was made in this column on the extraordinary situation in California, where the Governor and the State Board of Health were at war with the local Health Officers at San Francisco on the question of the existence of the bubonic plague in that city. The conflict evidently has caused serious consequences, for the Health Officers of twenty-two States have held a conference at Washington under the presidency of Surgeon-General Wyman to discuss the danger of the plague. There is no doubt that it has obtained a foothold on this continent. It rages in the western seaports of Mexico, and at least ninety cases have developed in San Francisco in three years. There is no cause for great alarm in the situation. Modern sanitary science furnishes an effective weapon against this most loathsome and most deadly of epidemics. If the disease could be stamped out in the reeking purlieus of Hong Kong and the clotted native quarters of Bombay, only extreme folly or extreme indolence on the part of the health authorities will enable it to make headway in this country. But vigilance and concerted action by the Boards of Health everywhere are needed. The spread of the plague would be a reproach to their skill. Its existence in San Francisco, while rival political forces attempt to make capital out of a grave public danger, is a disgrace to the State of California.

#### THE BUBONIC PLAGUE



THE SEVENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION IN PHILADELPHIA OF  
**THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS**

SEE PAGE 26



# THE YOUNG GIRL AND THE STAGE



SOME months ago I was asked to write an article for COLLIER'S WEEKLY on the "Stage." I at once inquired upon what particular feature. "Oh, anything—everything, that you find interesting or amusing." Now, that struck me as opening far too large a field, and one which I could in no way cope with, so I refused with seeming gratitude at being called upon—a certain amount of grace—and a distinct feeling of unfitness. I have lately been spoken to more definitely—"a last chance you will be given" sort of tone—also with a suggestion that it did not matter how bad it was, the point being to attach my name to an article, an ambiguous compliment and one which I resent. So to get, as it were, even, I find myself with pen in hand, hoping the process will not, as it is commonly called, "bite off my nose," etc.

I have always felt that the most interesting feature of an actress's life is the responsibility that a well-known, much-read name entails, a responsibility that should be deeply felt and guarded by its possessor—in fact, a matter of conscience. I admit it is a troublesome, tiresome thing, as most matters of conscience are, but such is the law of compensation, and a well-known name must be paid for in many ways, and this same feeling of responsibility is the greatest debt of all.

## The Seed of Ambition

In this country where we have an Associated Press, as soon as an actress becomes prominent she is read of in the cities and small country towns from New York to San Francisco. Sometimes it is her work only that is written about. This fortunate being is regrettably rare. It is how she lives, what she is, where and with whom she spends her time out of working hours, that is written of and commented upon. She becomes a real person in the heart of the little girl in —, who has cut her picture from a current magazine and woven a hundred enchanting romances about this favored being. These romances affect the ordinary narrow, but hitherto happy, life of this same little girl. She thinks how wonderful it is to be free—to act—to be a great success—to be sought after—to see life in its most wonderful and brilliant guise—and what, after weeks of longing and dreaming, does she do? She sits down one day and writes to this wonderful being and says, "How can I begin? I am young, not ugly, and think I have talent. Tell me, tell me how to become like you." Now comes the overwhelming task of the actress with the conscience—the feeling of responsibility. She writes to the little girl; she dwells on the hard work the mere preparation for the stage is. She dwells on the grimly small percentage of successful actresses there are when taking into consideration the thousands who started years and years ago, hoping to become Duses. She dwells on the heartbreaks which are countless as the sea's waves, and as unceasing even

By Ethel Barrymore

ILLUSTRATED WITH A DOUBLE-PAGE PICTURE  
BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON



MISS BARRYMORE

after success has come. What are these heartbreaks actresses are always talking about? Who can know but an actress? The parts that go by her to some newcomer—parts she longs for and could play, at least she feels so, which is perhaps part of the tragedy! Then comes a day when she is given an opportunity, a real chance. She is happy, she slaves, her whole soul is in it. The first night comes and she gives way to that terrifying audience, a great piece of her heart. Then come the papers and her friends. She was hopeless. A good actress in the part would have saved a rather dreary play. Then the agony of going to the theatre again that night—of facing the company—perhaps an author, and again a damning public. A failure is remembered—no more fine opportunities. She falls

into a rut of unimportant parts and becomes one of many hundreds of ambition-killed heartbroken women. Then this same responsibility dwells on the successful actress. How uncertain is that position! How one year a public will flock to see a star, will praise the play, etc.! Then comes a dark year—one dark year after a decade of successful ones. The play is awful—the star unsuited—bad in fact, and it takes treble work to win them back, and failure sticks in their minds. They, the public, don't mean to be cruel, they are merely human. And after, say, twenty years of success, of toil, this same star leaves the stage. What happens? A new generation springs up who become bored by the reminiscences of their grandparents—they don't care what happened a hundred years ago; they want to see "what's doing now," so the successful star is forgotten. The labor, the heartaches, the work of a lifetime, all gone for nothing!

Of course, this woman with a conscience goes on to say there have been actresses whose whole lives have been brilliant streaks of success, who have made history, but she is not writing to an embryo Bernhardt or Duse. She is writing to a little girl in the country to whom the stage means fun, freedom, a life of perpetual joy.

## It All Depends on the Girl

It may be noticed that the temptations and evil surroundings the stage is said to afford, are not dwelt upon—perhaps that is because this is written by an actress who has, shall we say, more opportunity for seeing all these horrors than the people whose cant consists of such phrases? On the stage, as much as, no more than, any other walk of life it is up to the girl. The best women I have known have been women of the stage. An actress in her time must read many books, study some plays. She acquires a knowledge of human nature from these readings, from the many lives brought in close contact with her own, and with her knowledge comes charity and understanding and sympathy toward mankind, and if she wills it she can become a real help in her world, a factor, a rod for the weak to lean upon, an example to be followed. This is in many women's hands if they would only realize it. And this talk of reforming the stage, these ludicrous societies! How admirable would be a society for bankers, brokers, bakers or candlestick-makers, who do the tempting and supply the evil surrounding, often very comfortably.

These last remarks are quite apart from the letter of the actress to the girl—she has come to the end of her tether whatever that is. The letter is sent, and although her conscience is for the time free, she is possessed of the firm conviction that her letter will mean nothing to the girl in the country town except for autographic purposes. If the girl means to go on the stage she will go. One might as well try to persuade a mother that her only son is the greatest living bore.

# The Gibson Girl: By Robert Grant



OF LATE some portion of the American nation have been busy in reconstructing their ancestors, and congratulating themselves upon the result. Under the guidance of the romantic-historical school of fiction, a gallery of national heroes has been evolved, whose prodigious performances with gun and sword go hand-in-glove with all the cardinal virtues. These stainless but somewhat bloodthirsty personages, triumphing single-handed, now over redskins or Spanish devils, now over the cavaliers of European courts, and all reminiscent of the boastful, chivalrous D'Artagnan, are accepted as genuine Yankee progenitors by a public whose imagination has rebelled against the limits imposed by plain citizens' dress and the unassuming virtues of modern industrial society. The manifestation is ludicrous from the point of view of art or historical accuracy, but it has a significance of its own. It is one of the consequences of the nation's prosperous growth, and resembles the tophoofy antics of a full-blooded horse overfed with oats. The ample paternal bank accounts resulting from our Aladdin-like material development have begotten a taste for many things at which the Constitution of the United States looked askance—impliedly at least. Within the last twenty years we as a people have become delightedly alive to and enamored of the color and symbols of older civilizations, which our parents were taught to associate with effete human development if not with the scarlet woman.

## Our Chromatic Development

Where is there keener striving for chromatic effects in personal luxury than in this country to-day among the so-called multi-millionaires? It is as though we had suddenly become conscious of the existence of the world's treasure-house of brilliant properties and had abandoned ourselves to a madcap masquerade across the sands of time in the garb of sybarite, musketeer, golf player or what not, each man according to his humor. In the process our heads have been turned a little, and under the stress of exaltation we have invented ancestors to harmonize with our new aspirations.

The inherent difficulty with denying the verisimilitude of ancestors is that they are dead. How is one to demonstrate convincingly that another man's great-grandfather did not wander, bullet-proof, a Sir Galahad of the American wilderness, whose only weakness was the use of "wuz" for "was," and other trifling verbal infelicities? The task is hopeless. Does not his portrait stare one in the face in the magazines to confound

the cynical doubter? No, the current type of martial ancestor appears to be so firmly established in the hearts of the American public that it may yet be long before the swords used by these heroes are beaten into plowshares and pruning-hooks by a repugnant school of writers.

But in the case of the living there is no such hin-



CHARLES DANA GIBSON

drance to argument. There one may point to real flesh and blood in support of propositions at variance with the current of popular enthusiasm. What, after all, is the value of ancestors in the body politic compared with their descendants, our contemporaries? In this connection may I, as a philosopher, fix your attention for a moment on the native type which has come to be

known as "the Gibson girl"? Every American who sees the magazines is familiar with it. I am not considering the young woman now from the point of view of art. The genius of her creator or manager, Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, is not to be denied. Nor is it pertinent to my theme whether he observed her before she became famous and made her so, or whether she modelled herself on his clever impersonations and multiplied. I have heard this point debated. But whatever the truth, there is no doubt of her wide existence in the flesh, and that when we gaze at the illustrations which her sponsor and his coadjutors—for others have followed Mr. Gibson's lead—present for our delectation in contemporary books and magazines, we are conscious of beholding a flourishing type of our countrywomen. Some of the situations thus treated are satirical, some fantastic, and occasionally pathetic, but in every one is predominant the fact and figure of the simon-pure fashionable young woman whom we meet in our daily walks, and whose attractions stir our manly hearts and national pride, whatever be our age. As she appears on cardboard, so does she live and move and have her being in real life. My compliments to the talented artists who have portrayed her. My strictures, if any, are not for them. They have simply fulfilled their mission by holding the mirror up to nature, and I would merely borrow the mirror for my purpose as a philosopher.

## The Girl's Fascinating Qualities

What one notices first in the Gibson girl as the result of casual inspection is her fetching general effect. How interesting and intelligent her face is! How spirited and free her carriage! How fearless and resolute her brow! How Amazon-like the outlines of her figure despite her elegant Parisian draperies! What a sentimental, inviting mouth and what soulful eyes! And so we worship. But with sober thought and closer scrutiny there comes—to me at least—a sense of wonder and of disappointment, and I detect myself asking, "Is this proud person the choicest daughter of Columbia?" Whoever regards the Gibson girl critically can not fail to observe her constitutional haughtiness and to become aware that she, like the rest of the nation, is showing the effect of too many oats. It is obvious in every movement of her body and every expression of her countenance that she feels them. Now, her mother, Daisy Miller, was not proud. Indeed there was not an atom of pride in her composition. Her utter lack of self-consciousness and her engaging simplicity were the very antipodes of condescension. Daisy was demo-

(Continued on Page 27)

# The Newspaper Girl in Fact and Fiction

By Eleanor Hoyt

Author of "The Misdemeanors of Nancy"

Illustrated by H. B. Eddy



FACT has not dealt gently with the newspaper girl, but that long-suffering young person did not know real vicissitude until she was launched unsuspectingly upon the high seas of fiction.

First and last she has furnished considerable copy to fellow-writers as well as to daily journals. She has pointed innumerable morals and adorned countless tales. She has been painted in roseate hues, calculated to lure any ambitious maiden into the primrose paths of journalism; she has been held up as a horrible example to scare maidenhood into unventuresome domesticity. Presumably the aural eulogies and the Stygian warnings were paid for at the same rate per thousand



Three attractive sisters came out of the South

words, and the newspaper girl herself will be the first to recognize that those unfortunates pledged to the pen must write about something.

However, there was a natural sequence in the accounts of the newspaper girl's life and work. The rose-hued versions came first.

Some years ago, when the woman in newspaper work was not, as now, a thing accomplished, and accepted, like matrimony, for better or for worse, three clever and attractive sisters came up out of the South—"to succeed in journalism," as Carrington West would put it. They did what they came to do.

The story of their triumphs was told with flowery and convincing eloquence in many a Southern paper. It roused their Southland sisters to emulation; and, ever since that day, a steady stream of Southern femininity has besieged editorial sanctums. Yea, verily; and, before Southern accents and Southern charm, editorial hearts have melted as wax, and reportorial staffs have become brighter and better things.

## The Breezy Ones from the West

Then there were feminine Lochinvars who came out of the West and found newspaper niches. They hadn't delicious voices, and they didn't wear their clothes so well as their Southern competitors wore theirs, but their breeziness blew them into the editorial presence, and it was easier to give them work than to get rid of them in any other way. Graphic accounts of their meteoric careers went to home papers. The tide set in heavily from the West.

From all quarters of the country women aspirants for journalistic honors flocked to New York. They still flock here. One editor—probably the most accessible in the city—says that not a day passes without bringing to his office at least half a dozen young women who want to go into newspaper work and ask for his help and advice.

Still, the flood has decreased in volume. When the field became hopelessly overcrowded, and the survival of the fittest was receiving one more impressive illustration, and the average office door was barricaded even against Southern charm, warning voices were raised. The rose-hued stories were replaced by woful tales of



From specialists to prima donnas

hardship and sensational accounts of trial and temptation. Occasionally a member of the guild arose and told the truth, in so far as the candle of her experience threw its little light—told that, while the newspaper girl, like any feminine craft used to landlocked safety, might find shipwreck on the sea of independent city life, the average work of the newspaper girl had little glamour; not even the glamour of danger—that the ordinary newspaper life was a steady grind of hard work which paid fairly well and had its interest, but told wretchedly upon feminine nerves and strength; that, while an occasional woman reporter had a brilliant career ending in an apotheosis of editorship, nervous prostration or matrimony, nine out of ten girl

reporters trotted about sturdily from woman's club to complexion specialist, from complexion specialist to opera prima donna, from prima donna to infant phenomenon, gaining shrewd knowledge of human nature and society, turning in more or less clever copy, making a fair income, and wearing their health to fiddle-strings. Such prosaic realism did not sell so well as the lurid warnings. It lacked color.

And, in time, neither realist nor sensationalist wrote articles about the newspaper girl. She was allowed to live and work, succeed or fail, outside the great white light that beats upon women pioneers in any province.

Then, in an evil day, she was discovered by the writers of fiction.

The newspaper novel was launched and, with it, the newspaper girl began another career of crime, unhampered by the small considerations of fact that had handicapped her early chroniclers. With gay abandon now, she upset international diplomacy, managed Wall Street panics, consorted with murderers and thugs, brought back "beats" from the very mouths of hostile cannons, starved pathetically in city squares, gave up fame and a raise of salary rather than turn in stories that sentiment prompted her to repress. And she was loved—Shades of Eros! how she was loved by every one from printer's devil to managing editor.

## Some Newspaper Women of Fiction

She's an awesome body, the newspaper girl of fiction. Now and then, when two or three newspaper women are gathered together, they speak of her in hushed tones, speak of her wonderingly and ask each other whether perchance they, too, have had experiences like unto those of the book girl.

The newspaper heroine of fiction has her various incarnations. As are her creators' imaginations and theories, so are her exploits and her morals. "The Girl Who Wrote" bears traces of the slime from which she was digged. The hypnotic newspaper woman, with her serpentine walk, her purring voice and her predilection for bigamy and melodrama, is but picturesque war correspondence translated into femininity. The woman in "A Woman's Ventures," who would have ventured had she dared, was sure to be spoken to on the street, the first night she left the office, though there be women reporters who have gone home late from the office every night for years and never enjoyed the distinction of an unpleasant experience. The all-conquering heroine of "The Last Word" has a fine Texan effulgence. "Jennie Baxter, Journalist," has an innocuous, if pyrotechnical, individuality.

Yes, they have their points of difference, these newspaper women of fiction; but, one and all, they are likely to put false notions into the head of the young person who comes up from Podunk to try newspaper work in a great city. If she has taken the careers of these heroines as her standard of measurement, she is doomed to discouraging quarters. Probably she is doomed to them, in any event—but that's another story. If she has carefully studied the newspaper woman of fiction, and has attuned her ideals and expectations to the concert pitch of that journalistic wonder, the sooner she makes friends with an uninspired but rational newspaper woman of fact the better.

If every girl burning to enter the newspaper profession could have one heart-to-heart talk with a sane, sympathetic newspaper woman of long experience, office boys would not, as now, fight, bleed and all but die in the effort to protect editorial privacy from feminine invasion.

## Some Essential Requirements

To the girl who can not take this treatment, one can but administer pellets of written warning or encouragement. The work demands good health, more than average intelligence, dogged persistence and indomitable pluck. No girl without this equipment should allow the newspaper woman of fiction to allure her to (alleged) brighter worlds and lead the way. Even when fitted out with these rudimentary essentials, she may find discouraging hurdles upon that road to fame which the newspaper heroine treads in such hot-foot haste.

The prospective newspaper woman does not invariably, as a perusal of fiction might lead one to believe, walk into a newspaper office, obtain, within five minutes, a position at a high salary, and depart blithely, leaving the business of the office at a standstill and the entire force paralyzed by admiration.

On the contrary, she usually wears out much optimism and shoe leather trailing from office to office, and when finally one editor, less stony-hearted than the rest, drops into that well-worn phrase, "Well, write something and let me see it," the chances are that she

cries from sheer gratitude. If she doesn't, she feels like doing it. Small encouragement looms so large upon her dull gray horizon.

Then again, outside of the newspaper novel, it is not an unwritten law that within the first week of a girl's connection with a paper every man on the staff, from editor-in-chief down, will fall violently in love with her. One should await the event with patience; indeed, one should not be too bitterly surprised if it fails altogether to materialize.

The diligent reader of recent fiction will perhaps question this statement, and it is an ungracious task to shatter the fond illusions of girl candidates for journalistic triumphs; but the fact remains. Statistics, carefully collected, prove, beyond refutation, that the editor-in-chief has been known to escape. Yes, that the city editor has gone scot free, that one can not even count confidently upon the sporting editor.

With proper effort and lavish expenditure of smiles, conversation and small change, the newspaper woman may perhaps make sure of the affections of the youngest office boy, but there her unquestioned sovereignty ends—in the world of fact. They do these things better in the world of fiction.

In the matter of assignments, too, fiction has a dash and spirit that may be lacking in the Gradgrind end-



Every man on the staff will fall violently in love with her

vironment of Park Row. No girl should be utterly discouraged if she does not write the greatest story of the season within twenty-four hours after joining the staff of the paper. The girl in the book seldom waits longer than that, but in real life circumstances are sometimes unpropitious. Even if a week goes by without an entire first page being devoted to one of her stories and her picture, the newspaper novice must not lose heart. In the slow-moving world of fact, Fate is not always ready with a great fire, strike, war or other cataclysm sufficiently spectacular to provide opportunity for her grand coup. If in the interval some notorious criminal can be persuaded to make full confession to her, some famous statesman, for love of her *beaux yeux*, will furnish her a political or diplomatic "beat," her time has not been wholly wasted. Such light filling is introduced into fiction, where the action of the story is not too rapid.

## The Real Thing is not all Glory

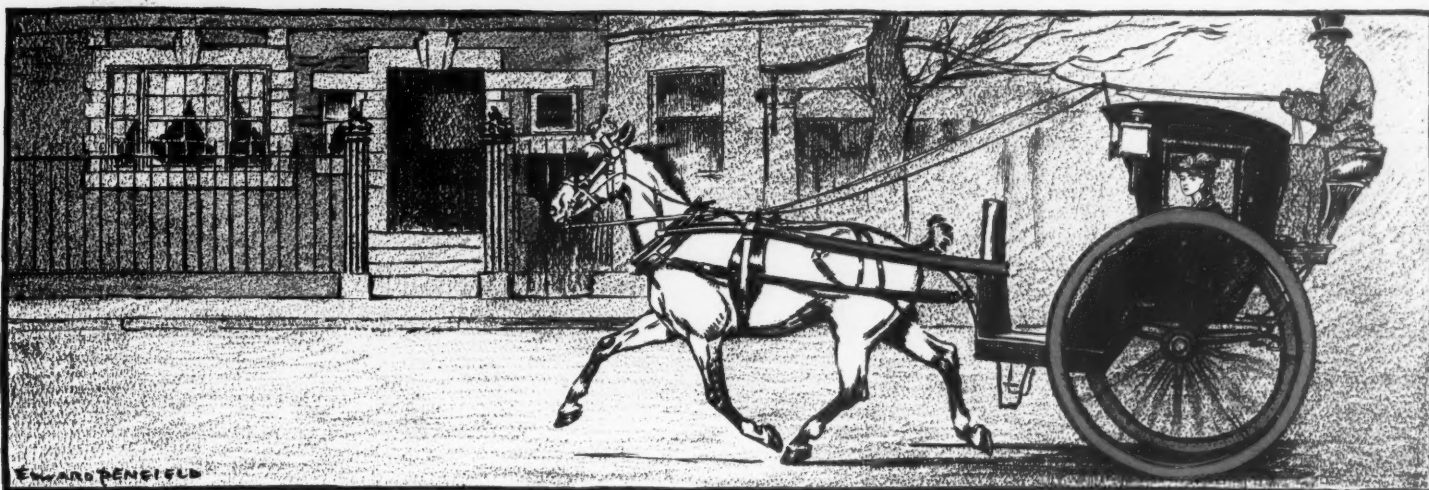
In the realm of fact, our newspaper girl will be probably reduced to still homelier methods of filling in the interval of waiting—may be called upon to write lotion recipes for the cure of freckles and settle the doubts of "Lovable Lizzie," who wants the question and answer department to tell her how she can show her affection for a young gentleman without running after him. After all, a cure for freckles is worth more to humanity at large than a front page of impassioned rhetoric, and Lovable Lizzie's confession has its human interest.

The Woman's Page is not a royal road to fame, but presumably it is read; and though fires and floods, political revolutions and sudden deaths may come and go, feminine vanities go on forever. If one could but get at the statistics, there's little doubt one would find that the fashion page of the paper exerts a direct influence far beyond that of the most inspired editorial page. The girl who goes in for newspaper work should cultivate divine philosophy and pigeonhole the newspaper woman of fiction with the sea serpent and the snark.



Settling the doubts of Lovable Lizzie





# The Girl in the Hansom Cab

**L**EIGHTON having left his office early, walked rapidly up Fifth Avenue, and, when he reached the corner of the street in which he lived, turned eastward and began thinking of his engagements for the evening. He had proceeded less than half a block when he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs on the asphalt behind him, and presently a hansom drew up sharply to the curb, almost at his elbow.

A young woman leaned out of it and beckoned to him. Leighton could not recollect that he had ever seen this particular young woman before, yet a quick glance around convinced him that she could be beckoning to no one else. It was evident that she desired some information. He raised his hat mechanically, paused on the sidewalk and looked at her inquiringly. The young woman smiled, bowed, moved into the far corner of the cab and motioned to Leighton to take the seat beside her. He felt slightly embarrassed at this, but, concluding she had mistaken him for another, approached near enough to say:

"I beg your pardon—but no doubt you think I am some one else," and he leaned forward, resting one hand on the open front, in order that she might get a full view of his face. He took advantage of the opportunity, too, to make sure that he had never seen her before. To his surprise, the young woman replied calmly:

"No; I have made no mistake, I am sure I have never seen you before. Won't you please get in?"

"Get into the cab?" exclaimed Leighton, taking a half step backward and staring in amazement at the girl. Even with this rapid glance he saw that she was young, probably pretty, and apparently a woman of his own station. Her costume was simple and modest, and he caught the marks of refinement at her gloves and neckwear. He was decidedly puzzled. As he paused the young woman folded her hands upon her knees, sat up somewhat more erect and asked:

"What are you waiting for?"

Leighton flushed slightly and stammered:

"My dear madam, is not this quite—"

"Excuse me," she interrupted, leaning forward; "it is quite anything you please. But you are delaying me; will you kindly get into this cab?"

"But, really—," began Leighton.

"You are not afraid?" she cut in again, smiling, and Leighton almost felt ashamed of himself. He straightened and replied: "Certainly not," in a manner that evoked a little ripple of laughter from the young woman.

At this it struck him suddenly that the whole affair must be a joke, which he ought bravely to accept and properly to carry out. A joke that would be fully explained afterward and would be less to his discomfiture if he put on a bold front at the outset. So he said with sudden alacrity:

"What can I do for you?"

"Ah, that is better," returned the young woman, falling back again into her corner. "If you have no more qualms of courage or conscience you may tell the driver to go slowly uptown until further orders. Then get in here beside me."

"I think you might explain," began Leighton again, with one foot on the step and still hesitating somewhat in spite of his resolutions. But the young woman raised her hand, and, with a little nod of impatience, said:

"I will explain as we go along."

Leighton obeyed her instructions, took a seat at her side, and the cab rolled rapidly onward.

"I suppose you think this is all very queer," she began. She did not turn toward him as she spoke, but gazed straight ahead out of the window.

"To be frank," he answered, "I must confess that I do." He was about to ask her what the joke was; he restrained himself and added instead: "You promised to explain this extraordinary conduct of yours—"

"Extraordinary?" she repeated. "Yes; I suppose you are right. But won't you let me explain in my own way? Perhaps I shall not need to explain at all. In fact," she continued, with a little nod of determination, "if you prove to be the wrong kind of a man, I shall not explain at all. You did not look like the wrong kind of a man when I saw you walking along the street,

*In which is set forth the Predicament of one who faced an Existing Condition and earnestly sought for an Unprejudiced Opinion*

By Albert Lee

and you don't exactly look like the wrong kind of a man now, but I want to be sure first. I have been driving around for an hour looking for the right kind of a man."

"Oh, very well," resumed Leighton, with a gesture of surrender. "And, if you please, what kind of a man may the right kind of a man be?"

"I should prefer he were a lawyer," she said.

Leighton was not a lawyer, neither was he in business, and he was rapidly becoming nettled at the apparently meaningless trend of the conversation.

"There are hundreds of lawyers listed in the directory," he said bluntly.

"Don't be unkind," she returned humbly. "I was not really looking for a lawyer."

"What are you looking for?" he asked repentantly.

"I am looking for an Unprejudiced Opinion."

Leighton stared. Perhaps, after all, she was a trifle unbalanced.

"Do I look like an Unprejudiced Opinion?" he inquired.

"You look as if any opinion you might express would be worthy of consideration, and, so far as my requirements are concerned, it would be unprejudiced."

This brought a smile to Leighton's face and restored his good humor. He recognized the subtle flattery of it, but he enjoyed it nevertheless.

"We don't seem to be making very great headway," he said. "Won't you tell what you really want?"

"That is what I really want," she replied earnestly, "an Unprejudiced Opinion. No doubt, I have taken a foolish and dangerous way of obtaining it, but it struck me as a good way." The young woman was again gazing straight ahead of her, talking very fast. "It is impossible to get an unprejudiced opinion from one's friends or acquaintances on any matter of importance. Any friend of mine, of whom I might ask advice, would be bound to be affected and biased in his opinion. The personal element can not be eliminated. I determined to secure an unprejudiced opinion if I had to go out in the streets and hunt for it—which is precisely what I have done."

"But," interrupted Leighton, "how much simpler and safer it would have been to ask a policeman."

"Please don't jest about it," she pleaded, looking up at him wistfully. "You may think I am frivolous, but I am very much in earnest about this. As I have tried to tell you, circumstances are such that I can not get the advice I need from any one I know. The alternative was to appeal to some one I did not know and who did not know me or anything about me. The insane idea of going out upon the broad highway and of appealing to the first intelligent-looking man who came along, struck me as a practical solution of the problem, and ten minutes later I was in this cab. I saw you on Fifth Avenue; you looked like a decent man; I gritted my teeth and stopped you, and you know the rest. Now, I can lay my case before you in such a way that you will not know what you are advising me to do—if you consent to advise at all—and thus the personal element will be eliminated and I shall know I have a perfectly unbiased and unprejudiced opinion—I believe I will act upon it, too. At least, I have promised myself that I shall."

"I should think all this would be a waste of energy if you did not," said Leighton.

"It would," she admitted.

"I hope I shall be able to advise you well. Will you now proceed?"

"Yes, and I shall try to be brief," said the girl. "Will you, on your side, try not to interrupt me?"

Leighton nodded affirmatively, and wondered what sort of confession was about to be unfolded to him.

"There are two sisters," began his companion in a low, serious tone—"let us call them, for the convenience of the present narrative, Mary and Jane."

"Excuse me," interrupted Leighton; "but if we must accept a purely supposititious nomenclature, let us at least be more poetic than 'Mary and Jane.'"

The girl smiled sadly.

"Very well," she replied, "christen them to your taste."

"They shall be Olive and Evelyn," he said, after a brief consideration.

"Olive and Evelyn," she repeated thoughtfully. "Very good." Then, after a pause, "These two sisters do not live in New York."

But they live in one of our great cities, and they are of the best people of that city. They are orphans—not only orphans, but they are unincumbered with near relatives of any kind or description whatsoever."

"Fortunate girls," muttered Leighton.

"They are also rich."

"Most fortunate girls," spoke Leighton aloud.

"No. On the contrary, they are most unfortunate. Their father was a very peculiar man. When he died he left his entire estate to these two daughters, who were to share equally in its benefits, but to this generous bequest he imposed a silly, cruel, I may justly say immoral condition."

"Legal?" asked Leighton.

"Unfortunately, perfectly legal," she answered.

"That will be a work of art. I don't think you could break it with the hammer of Thor. It would be useless to try. But that's neither here nor there. The man who made that will, this father of these two girls—"

"Olive and Evelyn—"

"Of Olive and Evelyn," she repeated, "had a most strange idiosyncrasy. His hand was turned against all men except a few of his own generation, and being thus opposed to all men and sincerely loving his daughters, he forbade them ever to marry; and in his will he specified that should one of them marry, not only would she deprive herself of her own fortune, but she would also take from her sister her half share in the estate."

"In other words," put in Leighton, as his companion paused, "if either Olive or Evelyn marries, the entire estate reverts to—"

"A local hospital," she concluded. "Can't you see how horrible, how cruel, that condition is? Upon the possible act of one sister depend the material fortunes of both."

"And you are one of these sisters!" cried Leighton, eagerly facing his companion. She looked at him steadily for a moment and then said with dignity:

"The personal element was to be entirely left out of our discussion."

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed with sincere embarrassment. "I really beg your pardon." But yet he gazed upon her wondering whether she were Evelyn or Olive. Presently she resumed:

"This condition of the will was harmless enough so long as neither sister cared to marry; but it was evident to both that so soon as one of them fell in love a horrible problem must be faced. This ghost sat constantly at their feast, and both almost dreaded to mingle with their kind for fear of meeting the man they could love."

"But, of course, the expected happened," observed Leighton.

"Or I should not be here telling you this story," returned the girl with a sigh. "Yes, the expected happened. Evelyn fell in love."

"I was wondering which one it would be."

"I can just as well make it Olive," she said, good-humoredly.

"Oh, no," he objected quickly. "Let us not confuse matters. Evelyn falls in love."

"Very well. And furthermore, she falls in love with a poor man. It was a dreadful courtship," she continued, reverting to the past tense, "with this constant struggle between love and the Existing Condition."

From these words Leighton felt very sure that he must be talking to Evelyn.

"He knew about it, too; which made it cruelly awkward for him," she added.

"I should very well think it might have. What shall we call him?"

"Oh, you may be as poetic as you like."

"I think we had better be practical in his case. Let us call him John."

"That's a good, honest name. John and Evelyn got engaged."

"The deuce!"

"It is not necessary to go into the details of it all. Facts are all we require. And then Cræsus came along."

"Who is Cræsus?"

"Well, you see, it's my turn to be poetic now. Cræsus is the other man, Olive's man. He's forty, a

gentleman in every sense of the word—and we shall call him Croesus because that characterizes him at once."

"And what did Croesus do?"

"He proposed to Olive. He thinks Olive would look well presiding at the other end of the table, you know. That she would entertain his guests and honor his name and all that sort of thing. However," with a dry laugh, "to be just to Croesus, I believe he is sincere. I think he cares as much for Olive as he could ever care for any one."

"And Olive?"

"Oh, Olive—Olive shudders," and the girl in the cab shuddered.

And Leighton, because of this, rather fell to the opinion that he was after all talking to Olive. Presently she continued:

"You see, Croesus knew, too—about the Existing Condition. And he knew about Evelyn and John, and to Olive's hesitancy he offered the argument that if Olive married him she need give no thought to the Existing Condition. On the contrary, she would make it possible for Evelyn to be likewise heedless. Whereas, if Evelyn married John—why, how would Olive face the Existing Condition?"

"Couldn't John look after a sister-in-law?"

"No. Impossible. I can't go into details. But if Evelyn married John, she would have to insert for Olive a 'Position Wanted—Female' in the same paper that printed her marriage notice."

"H'm," said Leighton. "And then what happened?"

"Why, then, Olive and Evelyn faced the Existing Condition."

"Good and hard?"

"Yes, good and hard."

"And—"

"And one of them got into a cab and went out to look for the Unprejudiced Opinion."

Leighton almost turned pale. He felt a peculiar sensation ascend and then descend his spinal column.

It was getting dark. The picture of a procession of vanishing street lamps, as the horse plodded slowly along, fastened itself upon his mind. He suddenly seemed to grasp his unsought responsibility as a man seizes a hot iron bar and holds it the tighter because of the cruel pain.

"And what do you want me to do?" he asked presently.

"I want you to tell me what you think Olive and Evelyn should do."

One, two, three, four, five blocks. Leighton counted

them. He saw all the houses, the little brown stoops and the brick and white-stone English basement dwellings, with here and there an iron grille. And he heard the clop, clop, clop of the iron horseshoes on the asphalt. There was a policeman, too, and on the third block a maid stood by an area and laughed. These he saw, and he remembered them all afterward. The girl at his side presently resumed in what sounded to him like a wearied, monotonous voice:

"You see what a horrible situation it is? These two women, bound by all the ties of birth, love and interest, brought face to face with the Existing Condition. One has the chance of a life's happiness if she consults her own interests alone, but thereby casts her sister adrift upon a sea of uncertainty at least. The other faces the problem of selling herself to a man she—well, to a man she does not and can not love, in order that her sister may be happy. One woman has the choice of the possibility of happiness attained through selfishness; the other looks into the certainty of misery and loathsomeness as a heritage of self-sacrifice. Both stand on the doorstep of immediate action. One of them must take the helm. One must refuse a happy future, for the sake of a sister who may have to struggle with the same problem even to-morrow, while the other must determine if she has the right to keep her nearest and dearest from the realization of the glory of human life. I realize more this minute than I could an hour ago what an outrageous demand I am making upon your courtesy. I hope you will forgive me, but I trust nevertheless that you will give me the Unprejudiced Opinion."

"It is not so easy as you think," spoke Leighton very slowly, "to give an Unprejudiced Opinion."

"Oh, believe me, I know that," she exclaimed with touching sincerity.

"It is almost impossible for me to give you an unprejudiced opinion, because I know you must be either Olive or Evelyn."

"Don't, please."

"I can't help it. For you are either Olive or Evelyn. But I will give you an opinion—such as it is—if you wish me to."

He had been thinking rapidly. He had been rehearsing all she had said, and he had been fiercely struggling to determine which of the two sisters sat beside him. Would Evelyn, for the love of her sister and for the contemplation of that sister's possible misery, forego the certainty of a happy marriage with the man she loved? Would it not be more likely that Olive, driven

by the lash of misery, would rush forth to the capture of a solution? Yet, on the other hand, could Olive after all effect any solution? Is not the decisive action within the power of Evelyn? Is not Olive rather the passive factor in this drama? Why should Olive take the initiative? Why should not she wait for Evelyn to decide the fate of both? But then, Evelyn may be inclined to sacrifice her love to the Existing Condition—she may have a false (perhaps a just?) sense of her responsibility to her sister, and she would so be justified in seeking an opinion to support her. Still—is it not more likely that Olive, overwhelmed with the realization that she stands between Evelyn and her life's happiness, would so seriously consider her sister's welfare as to be willing to sacrifice her own future to the realization of Evelyn's hopes? Yet how could Olive possibly consent to this and purchase her own deliverance at the price of her sister's bondage? After all, then, is not the problem Olive's? But yet, Evelyn—

Leighton thought he would go mad if he did not end this mental debate! He turned suddenly to the girl by his side and repeated:

"I will give you my opinion now—such as it is."

"Thank you," she said, "it will require but a few words, I know. Kindly stop the cab."

He did so, wondering.

"Now, I'm going to thank you," she said graciously, tendering her hand, "and ask you to leave me. Please get out and tell me your opinion from the sidewalk. And let your last words be to the driver—to go on."

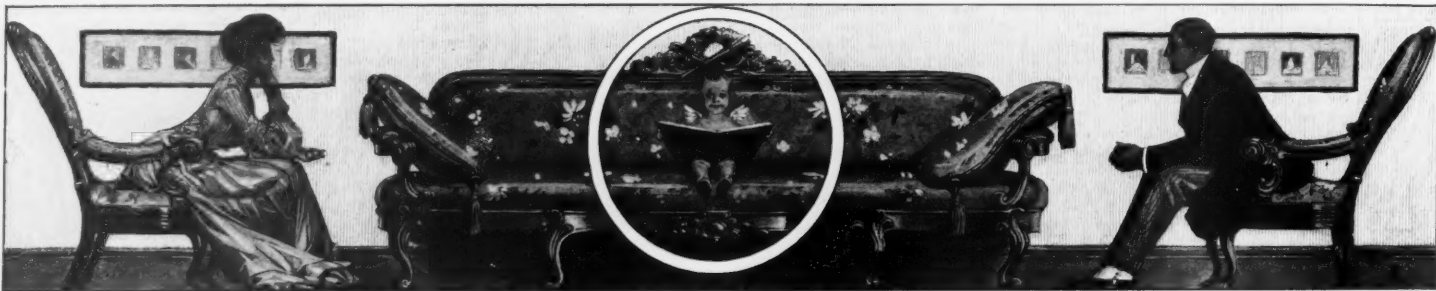
Leighton hesitated an instant, then he pressed her outstretched hand gently, and stepped down to the pavement. He leaned on the dashboard and bent slightly forward while the girl sat eagerly erect, her face but a few inches from his own.

"This is my judgment," he said slowly. "It may be the doctrine of selfishness, but I believe that it holds for the greater happiness. If you are Evelyn, marry John—and you may be certain that the good gods will preserve Olive. If you are Olive, do not marry Croesus—and rest assured that some man will yet come to you to help you make Evelyn happy."

The girl sank quietly back into the darkness with a little nod of farewell.

"Drive on!" cried Leighton, and the hansom rattled briskly away over the stones.

He has often wondered since whether he was instrumental in depriving a parson of his fee, or if, after all, some "local charity" became suddenly and unexpectedly prosperous.



## Social Problems in the Home

IS IT POSSIBLE for a man and the girl he marries to "live with the folks" and be happy? Can the young folks live with the old folks and get the same results? Can the merits of marriage be given a fair chance to succeed in a home which is not their home, in an atmosphere which, by all that is natural, must hold for one more favor than for the other? These are queries in the vital problem that confronts the newly married. Whenever a son or a daughter marries there is a domestic shake-up in the household. Every new estate must break up an old one, and every inch of our progress must unsettle the conditions around us. The universal aim is to readjust these conditions with the least friction and the greatest good to the greatest number concerned.

If the favorite son or daughter marries, all of his or her relatives busy themselves with readjustment theories. The mother feels the loss and foresees the loneliness of it; the father wonders if the funds will hold out, and somewhere in the consideration and discussion of the subject the proposition is sure to assert itself, "Why not live home—at least for a while?"

Probably the only woman who never was threatened with "the folks" was Eve—but Eve had other troubles. Her first struggle with the present problem was when Cain went forth and took unto himself a wife. If Cain's wife came home to live with his folks—and we judge she did, there being no other place to go to—she was not confined to the scope of a six-room flat nor compelled to breakfast with his family every morning off the same apple tree. Those were days of large areas, before the problem was complicated by civilization and modern improvements. To-day there is no other problem so involved by various viewpoints, so misunderstood, so mishandled, so dire in result if handled ignorantly, and so general in its closeness and concern to every human being who is eligible or connected with those who are.

### Various Phases of the Problem

There are three great incentives for living with the folks: The first is economy. The sons of well-to-do fathers are not always well-to-do. They move in a set whose mode of living represents their fa-

1.—Should a young couple ever go to live with the parents of either, or should they, at any sacrifice, set up a home of their own?

By Lavinia Hart

thers' status, not their own. They meet and marry girls who have been accustomed to more or less of luxury, and they hesitate to subject them—and themselves—to the simpler living which a small income requires. So they try living with his folks. They can not be blamed for trying, because they are both young and inexperienced—deficiencies which time will attend to. Of course, they have millions of other people's experiences to warn them, but these circumstances are different. This man's wife is an angel and his mother is the dearest woman in the world. The gentle, loving care that has nurtured him from babyhood is the symbol of his mother's character, and the tenderness, the tact, the virtues of his young wife are the most wonderful combination ever allotted to one woman. He knows they will get on famously together.

### The Fatal "Advantages"

They talk it over, these two young people whose feet are on the brink of a new life where one misstep may mean so much; they look at it from every standpoint (except the vital one) and the advantage of the plan seems all their way. It will be company for her; she will not be so lonely when he is at business; they will have the advantage of a fine house and fine furnishings, over poorer quarters and scanty hangings; there will be servants, which will spare her distasteful household duties; they will have the whole third floor, affording solitude when they wish it, with the splendid reception-rooms and library for the entertainment of their friends. In fine, for a nominal stipend they will be enabled to enjoy the fruit of a large income and hold up their own in the old set. When an engaged couple hold hands and discuss this theory by the light of a log fire, something is suggestive of perpetual Indian Summer; but after the nuptial fireworks are over and they put the theory into practice, cold Winter comes on apace. The man never knows how it happens or why. His days are spent at business and his nights in relaxation. He knows nothing of the myriad petty things and trifles that make for nervous prostration. He knows that his mother is disappointed in his

wife and that his wife is unhappy. He knows that his wife is not the perfect creature he thought she was, because his mother has discovered faults, which have more or less foundation in truth. He knows that his mother's character has another side than the love and gentleness he found there, because his wife has grievances, which are not without cause. He wishes he had not made either discovery. He realizes that the solitude of that entire third floor is a mockery, for if they confine themselves to it they are called unsocial and selfish. Also the possibilities of the reception-rooms were overrated. The old folks do not approve of late hours. It seems, too, that the old set are very noisy, and most of them do not come up to the mark. He never realized before what an inferior lot of friends they had, and his mother was perfectly right in the stand she took about Tom, Dick and Harry sending flowers to his wife, just because it was their anniversary. And perhaps her girl friends are frivolous. Surely his mother is old enough to judge. Does every married man go through with all this? Is marriage a failure? When a man reaches this point he comes to cross-roads. One leads to his favorite easy chair in his favorite window at the club. The other leads to a home of his own. If he's a wise man he packs up their wedding presents and takes his wife house-hunting. If she is a wise woman she'll accept a top floor rear and begin with him at the beginning. Never mind about the "old set" and never mind "what people will say." Pride is a small consideration when misery enters in. There will be more happiness in the humblest home of your own than in the palace of a king, if that king be your father-in-law. Happiness is not hidden in furniture and hangings; home does not consist in statuary and fine arts; comfort does not necessarily mean ease, and content does not come out of luxury. Our bodies can subsist on small rations and sometimes profit thereby; but the heart and the soul of us need food and care and nourishment, else their growth is impeded and the life of them is crushed.

### The Selfish Reason

The second incentive to the mixed household is the selfishness of parents. We frequently hear mothers say, "When my daughter marries she must live at home; she is my all, and I could not part from her." The

(Continued on Page 21)



# THE HEIRS-AT-LARGE

"HIT 'IM in de kiss-kiss!" urged one of the twenty ragged crown princes ringed around two more of the heirs to American sovereignty, to an incomparable civilization and to limitless opportunities.

"A-w, gwan youse; wait till I gives de woid," commanded the particular heir who was referee by right of owning the boxing-gloves used in this sidewalk contest. The gloves, be it said, were two pairs of leather mittens worn out, as to the palms, by "de ole man's" use of them on the observation end of a horse-car. They had been stuffed with cotton, and it took a cool-headed fighter not to lose it out.

"Are youse ready, Pinkie? Are youse ready, Pants?" inquired the referee, widening the ring by pushing back the front row. "Roun' t'ree! Blang-a-lang-lang-a-lang!"

At the sound of the "gong," Pinkie, who had been wiping suspicious water from his eyes, faced the dancing, feinting Pants with tightened lips, indrawn chin and puckered-up eyes in which gleamed determination.

"Dis's w're Pantsie gits his," prophesied a reader

## A Day with the Children of the City Streets

By Broughton Brandenburg, Author of "The Fringe of Despair"



Illustrated by B. Cory Kilvert

of the signs; and, sure enough, the redoubtable Pants, who had jabbed the soul out of his antagonist in the previous round, had something waiting for him.

"Poke 'im in de nose, Pants," suggested a partisan, and Pants, with a Sullivan rush, led for the

smeared spot under Pinkie's left eye; but, when the blow arrived at the spot, Pinkie was not there. He had ducked, and put in two awful body blows, right and left, on Pants's striped jersey just where it disappeared into the top of his trousers; then as Pants gasped, staggered back and snuffed, Pinkie rushed in and swung a right hook on Pants's mouth that sent him rolling into the gutter.

"Time! Ti-i-me!" vociferated the referee, pushing through the new ring formed around the fallen.

The "gong" was all that saved Pants. When he did get up, he began pulling off the gloves. He had had enough, but, after the fashion of men who have done the same thing for something larger than the two-cent purse, he whimpered: "Say, Buck, didn't he see dat foul?"

"Ay-ah, ay-ah-yah!" screamed the ring of heirs, and the referee had no occasion to give a decision.

"Chese it, de cop!"

Scandinavian, Irish, Italian, Hebrew, Pole and Indeterminate—that gathering melted away and hid as startled ducks vanish in the reeds. The owner of the gloves made for the doorway in which I was standing.

The policeman swept his eyes over the street as I have seen great seacoast guns rise and sweep the horizon with a silent threat. He passed on.

"Hi-Pantsie," sang out my refugee neighbor, when safety was assured.

"Why do you call him Pants?" I asked him, seeking further light on the mystery of nomenclature among these heirs-at-large, a mystery common to male youth in every clime.

"Cos wen 'e went to de Crismus feed to de Mission he stuffed his self an' got sick an' de teach' says to 'im wats de matter, an' 'e says his pants is chokin' 'im."

"Wats doin', Chakie?" queried Pants, who had arrived within ordinary conversational distance, which among the heirs in the street is anything short of forty feet unless an L train or a car is going by. I have heard one of them sing out something that was perfectly unintelligible to me, intended for a compatriot two full blocks away, and the shrill answer came back just as much a mystery to me, but fully as pregnant with meaning to him. Still, perhaps there was a time when I, too, would have understood, but then, I am entering into my inheritance and, by the infallible law of compensation, for what I have received in manhood

I must give an equivalent in boyhood, and so with all of us, and when we are left with nothing but memories that rise and mingle a smile with a heart twinge, we would gladly exchange all that the latter life holds for just one day of the joys of the time when we were only heirs-at-large to the wealth of the future's opportunities.

"Dey ain't nuttin doin', dat I knows of," answered Jakie. "Me mudder says I got to go

down on Toid Avnoo wen I gits me dinner. Den I'm goin' to sneak down to me cous'ns. He's in de Mott Street gang, an' dere goin' to clean de Hen'ry Street push dis aft'."

"Chee, I wisht I was goin'."

"Come on."

"Ump-a-ah, pap'd break me back."

"Where's this fight going to be?" I interrupted, for I had suddenly made up my mind to be a spectator to the encounter.

"How t' hell do I know?" replied Jakie scornfully. Disregarding me further, he turned to Pants once more.

Just then there came a coyote-like howl from far up the street in the direction which the greatest number of the pugilistic assemblage had taken.

Jakie and Pants answered it and sped away from the doorway into the street. The thoroughfare was busy with two or three passing cars, several delivery wagons and an automobile speeding along. Jakie shot under a horse's nose, and with the leap of a monkey landed on the protruding coupling bar of a car going the direction he wished. Pants nicely calculated his own speed and that of the automobile and shot across the chauffeur's path with a suddenness that caused that person to shut off steam with horror in his face. He bit the cigar he was smoking squarely in two, but Pants never looked behind and never seemed to know he had leaped through the jaws of death, but sped on like an arrow and swung on beside Jakie.

In my ramble I came to Bryant Park. It was at the hour when the Nurses' Brigade was out on convoy duty to an entirely different class of the heirs-at-large. These were well-coated, well-hooded and well-legged, whereas the others had had a fractional array. It is really wonderful how few clothes a youngster can get along with, playing about the streets all day long in the cold, and never seem any the worse for it, and yet if one of the gentler bred of the great guild of childhood were allowed out fifteen minutes without his overcoat, he would be laid up with croup next morning and be in the doctor's care.

It was well down on Fifth Avenue that another significant incident befell. Two little girls, one of four and the other of eight, were hurrying along, pulling an empty and dilapidated baby buggy. They had been delivering a washing. Approaching from the other direction was a nurse pushing a go-cart, the tiny occupant of which was hidden in furs and satin. Lagging behind the nurse was a boy of seven, clad in a belted corduroy suit, with hat and leggings to match. He was eating

gingerly from the edge of a large and appetizing cookie. The four-year-old eyed the cookie with envy and stopped in front of Master Corduroys, who sidled around his dirty vis-a-vis, as if he was half afraid of her. The older girl had passed with the baby buggy and turned to see where the four-year-old was loitering. She saw Little Sister making a mute appeal for a bite of cookie and Master Corduroy retiring, interested but contemptuous. The nurse's back was turned and quick as a flash the older girl left the baby buggy, ran back, snatched the cookie from Master Corduroy's hand and darted away, dragging Little Sister with her.

The victim of this felonious assault stood still a moment in absolute amazement at the suddenness of it all, then nature asserted itself, his lower lip turned out and he lifted up his voice in lamentation. The last I saw of him he was being shaken vigorously and was still wailing.

I slowly followed the robber duo and saw them divide the cookie. The older girl took about one-fourth of it. It was about two blocks further on that Little Sister began to howl. My momentary interest in a window of paintings had caused me to drop too far behind, to know the reason, and when I came up I could hear the older one saying: "Stop yer bawlin'. Youse'll git yer face brokeed if ye don't. Youse must save it for Buddermow."

"I wone save fwa Buddermow—" and then that four-year-old tot uttered a terrible oath such as strong men in great passion use.

"Here, what's the matter, sister, what are you crying for?" I said coming up beside them.

"Why, Agnes won't let me save no cake for Buddermow."

"Who is Buddermow?"

"Oh, dat ain't his name. He calls hisself dat. He's our lil' brudder Moiton."

Saving a bite or two of stolen cake to take home to little brother Morton!

To save me I could not even smile, and a little further on that baby buggy had in it at least a few more things bound homeward to little brother and the four others.

That afternoon I laid aside a heap of unanswered and important correspondence to go to the probable battle ground of the Henry Street gang with the Mott Streeters. As I entered Pike Street on a car I saw a crowd of thirty heirs-at-large, ages from six to fourteen, crossing in a street some distance away, and I followed them.

They were en route to the general rendezvous, "Cinch's Fort," as I learned by inquiry, and other things learned in that same questioning were these. The fort was a tumble-down warehouse; it took its name from "Cinch" Janriksen, son of a Swede cobbler, fourteen years of age, an ex-office boy in the Broad Exchange and the St. James Building, and certainly one of the freshest, toughest types of that redoubtable class, office boys, which I have ever seen. He had a Napoleonic head poise and ruled his forces with a club loaded with an iron slug and a hammerless and rusted pistol. He was the only general, though colonels, captains and sergeants were plentiful, and there were no privates, they were all scouts.

Judging by the terrific profanity there seemed to be an argument on hand, though they called it a council of war. I drew near to listen as they gathered at the main entrance to the fort.

It seemed that "Skinny" had sent word by "Sore-head" Muscovitz that he could not come. The entire army was agreed, that without "Skinny" defeat was certain, for though not a general like "Cinch," the office-boy, he was a famous fighter and owned a real "copper's billy." However, Pants and Jakie, the up-town boys previously mentioned, and Jakie's cross-eyed cousin arrived, and thus re-enforced the army broke camp; a detail of scouts spread out in the streets flanking and paralleling the line of march, and the main body moved on the Mott Street frontier.

It chanced I chose the best flank for observation and beheld the crisis of the sanguinary conflict. I followed one of the scouts, a stocky little chap in a striped jersey and pants "thot hae his feyther's been." We passed Skinny's house, and lo, the greatest Roman of them all, sitting on the stoop holding the sick baby in the sunshine!

The scout saluted and passed on in a silence that was infinite in its sympathy.

The scout told me of the Mott Street gang. Its commander was "Hinky" Baselli, an ex-messenger boy with a dishonorable discharge, and its most redoubtable fighter was "Chinkie" Foy, a full-blooded Chinese, who was said to, have a "geyuwine bowie sticker."

It was near Chatham Square that doom fell. From behind a stoop a strange boy, armed with a turned chair-leg, shot out and the scout was captured and throttled, made a prisoner of war, even as he strove to shrill the cry that would have saved his army. Then with a silent signal a second Mott Streeter summoned the army, and hushed and eager it sped past me into the rear of General Cinch's unwarned host.

I hurried with them, noting the strange array of weapons they bore, and arrived in time to see the onslaught and the demoralization.

Ten minutes later General "Cinch" Janriksen with a bloody nose led the battered remnant of his army on a dead run back to home country, and, oh, irony of fate and fortune, the Mott Street victors chased them down by Skinny's house, and he, the hero of former victories, sat with the baby on his knees and beheld the rout go by, sat and watched with such feelings as must have risen in the heart of the Persian king as he looked "on sea-born Salamis."

In the walks of the park I saw some score of the progeny of people of means, and while at first they seemed to be pampered till they were entirely spoiled, a closer and longer observation was convincing of the opposite. What the shifty life of the streets is teaching to-day to the poorly born, the hard knocks of the public school will teach to the more favored ones.



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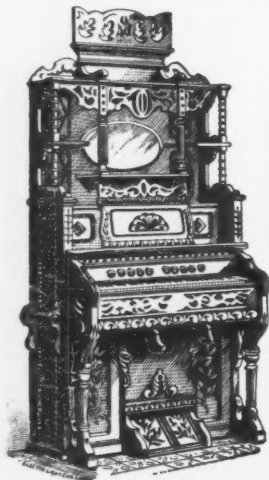


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# THE LONG NIGHT

BY STANLEY WEYMAN

Author of "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE," ETC.

Illustrated by Solomon J. Solomon



## SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Claude Mercier, a young French student, comes to Geneva toward the close of the year 1602, to pursue his studies. On the night of his arrival he is led into a quarrel by Grio, a roistering soldier. Fighting is prevented by the appearance of the Syndic, Messer Blondel. Mercier seeks lodgings at the house of Mme. Royanne. Her daughter tries to persuade him, for some mysterious reason, not to reside there, but he insists. At supper he meets Grio again, and Basterga, scholar and alchemist. After the meal Grio accompanies Basterga to his laboratory, where they discuss a plot for the acquisition by Savoy of Geneva. But the possible resistance of the Syndic foreshadows complications.

## CHAPTER V

### The Elixir Vitæ

AS THE SYNDIC crossed the threshold of the scholar's room, he uncovered with an air of condescension, that, do what he would, was dashed with uneasiness. He had persuaded himself, he had been all the morning persuading himself, that any man might pay a visit to a learned scholar; nay, that a magistrate, in so doing, was in the performance of his duty and might plume himself no little on the act. Yet two things, like worms in the bud, would gnaw at his peace. The first was conscience; if the Syndic did not know he had reason to know that Basterga bore the Grand Duke's commission, and was in Geneva to further his master's ends. The second source of his uneasiness he did not acknowledge even to himself, and yet it was the more powerful. It was a suspicion that in dealing with the scholar he was dealing with a man for whom he was no match, puff himself out as he might, and who secretly despised him.

Perhaps that the latter feeling ceased to vex him before he had been a minute in the room was the best testimony to Basterga's tact and management that could be desired. Not that the scholar was either effusive or abject. It was rather by a frank address which took equality for granted, and by an easy assumption that the visit had no importance that he calmed Messer Blondel's nerves and soothed his pride.

"If I do not the honor of my poor apartment so pressingly as some," he said presently, "it is out of no lack of respect, Messer Syndic, but because, having had much experience of visitors, I know that nothing fits them so well as to be left at liberty, nothing irks them so much as to be overpressed. Here now I have some things that are thought curious, even in Padua, but I do not know whether they will interest you."

"Manuscripts?"

"Yes, manuscripts and the like. This," lifting one from the table and placing it in his visitor's hands, "is a fac-simile, prepared with the utmost care, of the Codex Vaticanus, the most ancient manuscript of the New Testament. Of interest in Geneva, where, by the hands of your great printer, M. de Beza has done so much to advance the knowledge of—you are looking at that?"

"Yes. What is it, if it please you?"

"It is a plan of the ancient city of Aurelia, which Cæsar, in the first book of his Commentaries, places in Switzerland; but which some say should be rather in Savoy."

"Oh, Aurelia!" the Syndic muttered, turning it about. It was a plan beautifully and elaborately finished, but like most of the plans of that day it was without names. "Aurelia?"

"Yes, Aurelia."

"But I seem to—is this water?"

"Yes, a lake," Basterga replied, stooping with a faint smile to the plan.

"And this a river?"

"Yes."

"Aurelia? But—I seem to know the line of this wall and these bastions. Why, it is—Messer Basterga," in a tone of surprise not unmingled with vexation, "you play with me! It is Geneva!"

Basterga permitted his smile to become more apparent. "Oh, no, Aurelia," he said lightly and almost jocosely. "Aurelia in Savoy, I assure you. Whatever it is, however, we have no need to take it to heart, Messer Blondel. Believe me, it comes from, and is not on its way to, the Grand Duke's library at Turin."

The Syndic showed his displeasure by putting the map from him.

"Your taste is rather for other things," Basterga said, affecting to misunderstand the act. "This illuminated manuscript now may interest you? It is in characters which are probably strange to you?"

"Is it Hebrew?" the Syndic muttered stiffly, his temper still asserting itself.

"No, it is in the ancient Arabic character; that into which the works of Aristotle were translated as far back as the ninth century of our era. It is a curious treatise by the Arabic sage Ibn Jasher, who was the teacher of Ibn Zohr, who was the teacher of Averroes. It was carried from Spain to Rome about the year 1000 by the learned Pope Sylvester the Second, who spoke Arabic and of whose library it formed part."

"Indeed! It must be of great value. How came it into your possession, Messer Basterga?"

Basterga opened his mouth and shut it again. "I do not think I can tell you that," he said dryly.

"It contains, I suppose, some curious things?"

"Curious?" Basterga replied impulsively, "I should say so! Why, I have found in it—" And then in apparent confusion he broke off. He laughed awkwardly and then, "Well, you know," he resumed, "we students find that many things interest us which would fail to touch the man of affairs." And as if he wished to change the subject he took the manuscript from the Syndic's hand and threw it carelessly on the table.

Messer Blondel thought the carelessness overdone, and, his interest aroused, he followed the manuscript, he scarcely knew why, with his eyes. "I think I have heard the name of Averroes," he said. "Was he not a physician?"

"He was many things," Basterga answered negligently. "As a physician he was, I believe, rather visionary than practical. I have his Colliget, his most famous work in that line; but for my part, in the case of any ordinary disease, I would rather trust myself," with a shrug of contempt, "to the Grand Duke's physician."

"But in the case of an extraordinary disease," the Syndic asked shrewdly.

Basterga frowned perceptibly. "I meant in any disease," he said. "Did I say extraordinary?"

"Yes," Messer Blondel answered stoutly. The frown

I take it, a man may dip into the mystical writings of Paracelsus without prejudice to his Latinity, and into the cabalistic lore of the school of Cordova without losing his taste for the pure oratory of the immortal Cicero. Virgil himself, if we may believe Helinandus, gave the weight of his great name to such sports. And Cornelius Agrippa, my learned forerunner in Geneva—"

"Went something further than that," the Syndic struck in with a meaning nod, twice repeated. "It was whispered and more than whispered—I had it from my father—that he raised the devil here, Messer Blondel, the very same that at Louvain strangled one of Agrippa's scholars who broke in on him before he could sink through the floor."

Basterga's face took on an expression of scorn. "Idle tales!" he said. "Fit only for women! Surely you don't believe them, Messer Blondel?"

"I?"

"Yes."

"But this, at any rate, you'll not deny," Blondel retorted eagerly; "that he discovered the Philosopher's Stone?"

"And lived poor and died no richer?"

"Well, for the matter of that," the Syndic answered more slowly, "that may be explained."

"How?"

"They said, and you must have heard it, that the gold he made that way turned in three days to eggshells and parings of horn."

"Yet having it three days," Basterga asked with a sneer, "might he not buy all he wanted?"

"Well, I can only say that my father, who saw him more than once in the street, always told me—and I do not know any one who should have known better—"

"Pshaw, Messer Blondel, you amaze me!" the scholar struck in, and rising from his seat and adopting a tone at once contemptuous and dictatorial. "Do you not know," he continued, "that the Philosopher's Stone was and is but a figure of speech which stands as some say for the perfect element in nature, or as others

say for the vital principle—that vivifying power which evades and ever must evade the search of men? The truth is, the sages whose speculations took that direction were endangered by accusations of witchcraft; to evade these and to give their researches such an aspect as would command the confidence of the vulgar, they gave out that they were seeking either the Philosopher's Stone, which would make all men rich, or the Elixir Vitæ, which would confer immortality. Believe me, they were themselves no slaves to these expressions, nor were they initiated among their followers. But as time went on, tyros, tempted by sounds and caught by theories of transmutation, began to interpret them literally and straying aside spent their lives in the vain pursuit of wealth or youth."

Messer Blondel stared. Had Basterga, assailing him from a different side, broached the precise story to which, in the case of Agrippa or Albertus Magnus, the Syndic was a fair adherent, he had probably received the overture with suspicion if not with contempt. He had certainly been very far from staking good florins upon it. But when the experimenter, in the midst of the apparatus of science and surrounded by things which imposed on the vulgar, denied their value and laughed at the legends of wealth and strength obtained by their means—this fact alone went very far toward convincing him that Basterga had made a discovery and was keeping it back.

The vital principle, the essential element, the final good, these were fine phrases, though they had a pagan ring. But men did not spend money and read long and live laborious days merely to coin phrases. Men did not surround themselves with costly apparatus only to prove a theory that had no practical value. "He has discovered something," Blondel concluded in his mind, "if it be not the Philosopher's Stone or the Elixir of Life. I am sure he has discovered something." And with eyes grown sharp and greedy, the magistrate raked the room.

The scholar sat thoughtful and did not seem to notice him.

"Then do you mean," Blondel resumed after a pause, "that all your work there—" and he indicated by a nod the chemical half of the room—"has been thrown away?"

"Well—"

The scholar hesitated and paused.

"Not quite, I think?" the Syndic said, his small eyes twinkling. "Eh, Messer Basterga, not quite? Now, be candid."

"Well, I would not say," Basterga answered coldly, and as it seemed unwillingly, "that I have not derived something from the researches with which I have



"Enough to cure one person?" the Syndic exclaimed

had not escaped him. "But I take it you are something of a physician yourself?"

"I have studied in the school of Fallopius at Padua," the scholar answered coldly. "But I am a scholar, Messer Blondel, not a physician, much less a practitioner of the ancillary art, which I take to be but a base and mechanical handicraft."

"Yet, chemistry—you pursue that?" the other rejoined with a glance at the further table and its load of strange-looking phials and retorts.

"As an amusement," Basterga replied, with a gesture of haughty deprecation. "A parergon, if you please.



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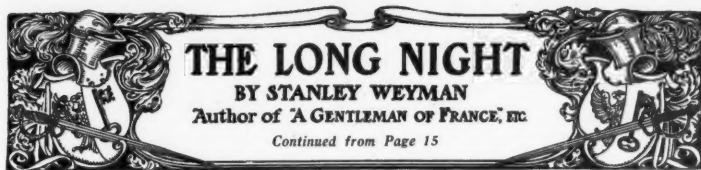
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## THE LONG NIGHT

BY STANLEY WEYMAN

Author of 'A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE', etc.

Continued from Page 15

amused my leisure. But nothing of value to the general."

"Yet something of value to yourself," Blondel said, his head on one side.

Basterga frowned, then shrugged his shoulders. "Well, yes," he said. "As it happens, yes. But even so of no use to any one else, because—"

"It is only enough for yourself!"

The scholar looked astonished and a little offended.

"I do not know how you know," he said curtly, "but you are right. I do not know how you hit on it, for I had no intention of telling you as much. But as you have guessed so far, I do not mind adding that it is a remedy for a disease which the most learned physicians do not pretend to cure."

"A remedy?"

"Yes, vital and certain."

"And you discovered it?"

"No, I did not discover it," Basterga replied; "it happened that in trying by way of amusement certain precipitations, I obtained that which seemed to me to possess some peculiar properties. I tested it in all the ways known to me, but without benefit or enlightenment; and in the end was about to cast it aside, when I chanced on a passage in the manuscript of Ibn Jasher—the same, in fact, that I showed you a few minutes ago."

"And you found?"

"I found that he had made," the scholar replied quietly, "as far back as the tenth century the same experiment which I had just completed."

"And discovered?"

"A certain use," the other replied cautiously. "Or rather it was not he, but an associate called by him the Physician of Aleppo. He identified the product which had defied Ibn Jasher's tests with a substance even then considered by most to be fabulous, or to be extracted only from the horn of the unicorn, if that animal existed. That it had some of the properties of the fabled substance he proceeded to prove to the satisfaction of Ibn Jasher by curing of a certain incurable disease five persons."

"No more than five?"

"The substance was exhausted."

Blondel gasped. "Why did he not make more?" he cried.

"The experiment of which it was the product was costly."

Blondel's face turned purple. "Costly?" he cried. "Costly? When the lives of men hang in the balance?"

"True," Basterga replied with a smile. "But I was about to say that, costly as it was, it was not its price which hindered the production of a further supply. The reason was more simple. He simply could not. Probably in the first instance an impurity in one of the drugs introduced a foreign substance into the alembic. That chance never occurred again, so far as I can learn, until, amusing myself with the same precipitation, I—I, Caesar Basterga—in the last year of the last century, hit at length upon the same result."

The Syndic leaned forward; his hands gripped his knees more tightly. "And you," he said, "can repeat it?"

Basterga shook his head. "No," he said. "I can not. I can not. Not that I have myself essayed the experiment more than thrice. I could not afford it."

The big man spoke thoughtfully, with his eyes on the floor. Had he turned them on the Syndic he must have seen that he was greatly agitated. Beads of moisture stood on his brow, his face was red, he swallowed often and with difficulty. At length, with an effort at composure, "Possibly your product is not, after all, the same as Ibn Jasher's?"

"I tested it in the same way," Basterga answered quietly.

"What? By curing persons of that disease?"

"Yes," Basterga answered simply. "And I would to Heaven," he continued, with the first spurt of feeling which he had allowed to escape him, "that I had held my hand after the first proof. Instead I must needs try it again, and again, and again—"

"For nothing?"

Basterga shrugged his shoulders. "No," he said, "not for nothing." And by a gesture he indicated the objects about him. You see I am not a poor man now, Messer Blondel. Not for nothing, but too cheaply. And so often that I have now remaining but one portion of that substance which all the science of Padua can not renew. One portion only, alas!" he repeated with regret.

"Enough to cure one person?" the Syndic exclaimed.

"Yes."

"And the disease?" Blondel rose as he spoke. He extended his trembling arms to the other. No longer, even if he wished it, could Basterga feign himself blind to the agitation which shook, which almost convulsed, the Syndic's meagre frame. "The disease is that which men called the Scholar's."

Basterga with something of astonishment in his face inclined his head.

"I have that disease! I!" the Syndic cried, a piteous figure; and he raised his hands in a gesture which challenged the compassion of gods and men. "I! In two years—" His voice failed; he could not go on.

"Believe me, Messer Blondel," Basterga answered, after a sorrowful pause, "I am grieved. Deeply grieved," he continued with feeling, "to hear this. Do the physicians give no hope?"

"Sons of the horse-leech!" the Syndic cried, a new passion shaking him in its turn. "They give me two years! Two years! And it may be less. Less!" he cried, raising his voice. "I who go to and fro here and there, like other men with no mark upon me—I who walk the streets in sunshine and rain like other men. Yet for them the sky is bright, and they have years to live. For me, one more summer, and—night! And I but fifty-eight!"

The big man looked at him with eyes of compassion. "It may be," he said, "that the physicians are wrong, Messer Blondel. I have known such a case."

"They are, they shall be wrong!" Blondel replied. "For you will give me your remedy! You will! You will! It was God led me here to-day, it was God put it in your heart to tell me this. You will give me your remedy and I shall live! You will, will you not?" And, joining his hands, he made as if he would kneel at the other's feet.

"Alas, alas!" Basterga replied, much moved, "I can not."

"Can not?"

"No."

The Syndic glared at him. "Why?" he cried. "Why? If I give you—" "If you were to give me the half of your fortune," Basterga answered solemnly, "it were useless! I have the first symptoms of the disease myself."

"You?"

"Yes, I."

The Syndic fell back in his chair. A groan broke from him that bore witness at once to the bitterness of his soul and the finality of the argument. He seemed in a moment shrunken to half his size. Disease and the shadow of death lay dark on his features; his cheeks were leaden; eyes without light or understanding conveyed no meaning to his brain. "You, too!" he muttered mechanically. "You, too!"

"Yes," Basterga replied in a sorrowful voice. "I, too. I have not known it long. Nor has it proceeded far in my case. I have even hopes, at least there are times when I have hopes, that the physicians may be mistaken."

Blondel's small eyes bulged suddenly larger. "In that event?" he cried hoarsely. "In that event—"

"Even in that event I am helpless to aid you," the big man answered, spreading out his hands. "I am pledged by the most solemn oath to retain the one portion I have for the use of the Grand Duke, my patron. And even apart from that oath, the benefits I have received at his hand are such as to give him a claim second only to my necessity. A claim, Messer Blondel, which—I say it sorrowfully—I dare not set aside for any private feeling or any private gain."

Blondel rose violently, his hands clawing the air. "And I must die!" he cried, his voice a screech of rage. "I must die because he may be ill? Because—because—"

"But what can I do?" asked Basterga.

Blondel could have answered, but to what advantage? What could words profit him, seeing that it was a life for a life, and that, as all that a man hath he will give for his life, so there is nothing another hath that he will take for it. Argument was useless; prayer, beside the mark. The magistrate saw this and made an effort to resume his dignity. "We will talk another day," he murmured, turning to the door. "You will not mention what I have said to you, Messer Basterga?"

"Not a syllable," his host answered earnestly as he followed him out. The abruptness of the departure did not surprise him. "I feel for you deeply, Messer Blondel."

The Syndic acknowledged the phrase by a gesture not without pathos, and passing out stumbled blindly down the narrow stairs. Basterga attended him respectfully to the outer door, and there they parted in silence. The magistrate, his shoulders bowed, walked slowly and without looking back, to the left; where, turning into the town through the inner gate, the Porte Tartass, he disappeared. The big man waited awhile, his face toward the ramparts.

"He will come back; oh, yes, he will come back," he purred, smiling all over his large face. "For I, Caesar Basterga, have a brain. And 'tis better a brain than thews and sinews, gold or lands, seeing it has all these at command when I need them. The fish is hooked. It will be strange if I do not land him before the year is out. But the bribe to his physician—it was a happy thought of this brain of Caesar Basterga, graduate of Padua!"

(To be continued)

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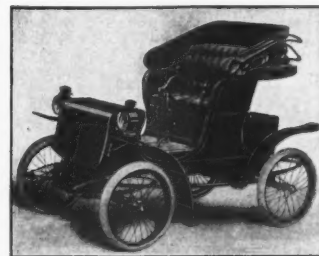
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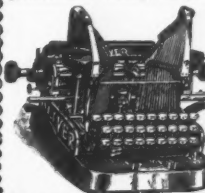
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## Planning the Garden

By W. B. Thornton

MY NEIGHBOR JOHNSON is a man of judgment. Doubtless that is why he is also a man of results. He does things and he does them well. In his daily battle in the strenuousness of city business life he is shrewd among shrewd men. But his success there is not greater than his success in the beautiful little garden of his suburban home, where he grubs in the earth during his leisure hours.

"All the result of careful planning," he remarked, as I stood admiring some exceptionally fine egg-plants and a harmonious blending of color in the flower-beds beyond. "Gardening is like other business—to obtain results you've got to know what you are going to do, when and where you are going to do it and why. You've got to plan it all beforehand."

Johnson was right. A garden, in order to be a success, must be planned, and now is the time to plan it. Just here, ninety-nine times in one hundred, lies the key to the failure of the amateur gardener. He waits for the whistle of the bluebird and the greening of the grass to tell him of spring's advent and the approach of planting time. Then he rushes to buy his seeds at a time when the seedsmen are over-rushed with orders, buys a lot of novelties for their lithographic attractiveness without the remotest idea as to whether or not his soil is adapted to their requirements, and lays out his beds with more thought to convenience than to adaptability of location to the plants designed for each.

### Plan Carefully and Early

Just as surely as there is a seed-time and a harvest-time, there is a time for planning. The successful gardener will begin his year's work not later than February. Begin now. Send for seed, tree and plant catalogues. Study them carefully. Remember that as the seed so will the harvest be, and that the best climatic and soil conditions in the world, and all the patient watchful care of the enthusiast, will avail nothing if the seed be poor. Therefore get your seed of a firm of good standing, for thus only is insurance against failure to be obtained.

If you are planning your first garden it will all be in the nature of a delightful experiment, a sort of co-partnership with Nature, your position being that of the inexperienced junior partner. Bearing this in mind, be not tempted to start business on too broad a scale, but be you content with small beginnings. In the gentle and pleasant art of gardening, experience alone begets practical knowledge, and good seed and practical knowledge are your heaviest assets. Therefore plan a small garden wherein shall be grown such things as are of a hardy and persistent nature, tolerant of the errors of ignorance. Such are lettuce and radishes among vegetables and nasturtiums among flowers.

So as you plan and pore over the catalogues you will with wisdom courageously close your eyes to the attractiveness of the wonderful novelties. They are the delightful possibilities of the future. And, with the wisdom

of self-conscious shortcomings, you will choose a few easily grown vegetables and the like of flowers.

Now come the perplexities of varieties. Place not your dependence on the catalogue descriptions or your own fancies, but straightway seek your nearest neighbor of experience and ask his advice. The chances are that his soil conditions will be similar to your own and that he will know just what varieties will produce the best results. For your main crops take his suggestions. If you please, add a packet or two of such varieties as catch your fancy, these to be planted in small experimental beds only. It is one of the delights of gardening to try new things, to feel that you have what your neighbor has not.

### System is Essential

Having ordered the seed, make a careful study of the topography of your land and on paper lay out the beds. In planting-time you will find this of immeasurable help and convenience. Do not for an instant forget that unrestricted sunlight is vital. The tree that now and in its budding days at planting-time casts a hardly perceptible shadow will, in the fulness of its summer glory, throw a heavy shade far beyond the length of its most ambitious branch. There will your garden be a failure. Beyond this zone, then, lay out the permanent beds. Within it some of the early seed beds can be safely made, as the young plants will be ready for transplanting before the shade will be dense enough to be injurious. Another factor to be considered in this connection is the area drained of moisture and food elements by the tree roots. This varies with the variety of tree. The elm, for instance, has a tremendous root system close to the surface and successful gardening within its domain is practically impossible. Therefore in your plans consider carefully the relation of trees to the proposed beds. Choose, so far as possible, a warm, sunny, southern exposure. Read up on the food requirements of the various plants you propose to grow. A radish requires a light rich soil, while the cucumber thrives best when well fed with a shovelful of well-rotted manure in each hill. A sandy loam is to the liking of the gay and beautiful poppy, while the more delicate beauty of the sweet pea demands a deep, rich, moist soil. All these things the gardener should know before the season of seed-time, that he may intelligently lay out and prepare his beds.

### A Last Word of Advice

Of the posies, choose such as are hardy and easily grown, and of such varieties as will give a succession of bloom the whole season through. Bear in mind that there are early bloomers and late bloomers and intermediate bloomers, and your garden will not be complete unless you have some of each.

So plan your garden now, and in your plans include a small hotbed, or at least some good-sized window-boxes, for the starting of your seeds; for he who begins not at the beginning misses half of the delight of gardening.

## CEREALS

And How to Use Them

By Isabel Gordon Curtis

DURING cold weather, when the body requires all the warmth possible to be obtained from heat-giving foods, one important addition to the day's menu is a perfectly cooked breakfast cereal. Two of the best foods for this purpose are oatmeal and cornmeal, which are richer in fats than the other grains. Oatmeal is the richer of the two in food material, but plenty of exercise is required for its perfect digestion. For the strong, hard-working laborer it is one of the best and most economical of foods. For people who lead sedentary lives, the lighter wheat foods, of which there is an abundance in the market, are better suited.

### For Health and Breakfast

The housekeeper who studies the family health ought to familiarize herself thoroughly with the subject of breakfast cereals; it is one of large importance. Having found what foods are best liked by the household, she might lay in for the winter's needs a good assortment and use the cereals alternately; a wheat preparation one morning, oatmeal another and cornmeal the next morning perhaps. There will be no palling on the appetite with such a routine, besides the cereals may be served in a varied style day by day. Baked apples are a delicious accompaniment to any of the oatmeal or wheat cereals, as are also sliced peaches, well-ripened bananas or even nicely flavored apple sauce. Besides, cream is a necessity. Never spoil a good cereal by serving milk with it. Cereals are deficient in the fats contained in cream and in the salt found in fruits, therefore the combination, which is delicious as it is healthful. A preparation like farina is much improved by having stirred into it, just before serving, figs, dates or cooked prunes, cut in pieces.

When cereals arrive, empty them at once into glass jars, and screw the lids on tightly. Frequently the manufacturer or the grocer is blamed for a poor, wormy cereal, which

has really been ruined by the treatment accorded it on the pantry shelves. It is left in the paper case in which it was packed, with the cover torn off. Mice regale on it, moths inhabit it, dust settles on it, damp induces mould, and presently it is spoiled. The manufacturer seals it with care, the grocer stores it on dry, clean shelves. Then comes the housewife who thinks any sort of treatment is good enough for groceries.

Cereals are so infrequently accorded the right of being properly cooked! An indigestible pasty-looking mess meets with the most unfavorable verdict, when, if cooked as it ought to be, nothing could be more nutritious or appetizing. The directions which accompany a cereal seldom give time enough for cooking, unless it be set to boil in a vessel right over the fire, which is far from satisfactory. Steaming for hours in a double boiler gives very different results. The method for cooking all cereals is the same, although measurements differ, one cupful of cereal absorbing more or less liquid than another. After having made a thorough test of cereals, noting the amount of water they require and the time needed to become properly cooked, I have compiled this table.

### The Way to Cook a Cereal

To cook any of these cereals bring the water to a boil in the upper half of a double boiler. Add one teaspoonful of salt for one quart of water. For any coarse-grained cereal, the Scotch method of adding the meal—"mirlin' it in" as it is called—can scarcely be improved upon. Measure the oatmeal into a bowl, hold in the left hand and slowly with the right hand sprinkle it into briskly boiling water. Until every grain of the meal separates stir constantly. In five minutes the cereal will have begun to thicken slightly; now set it in the lower part of the double boiler half filled with hot water. Put on the lid and allow it to steam till the grains are perfectly swollen. Do no stirring after the



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steaming process begins or the cereal will be starchy, the grains broken and the fine nutty flavor destroyed. In cooking a small grained cereal such as farina, wet it with cold water, add to the boiling water, then cook like the oatmeal except that it may be stirred occasionally. Indeed, before it is fully cooked a brisk beating with a wire whisk will improve it, breaking any lumps which may have formed.

One secret of making a cereal as delicious as possible lies in proper measurements of the grain and the water. Always use the same cup for measuring and follow directions exactly. Adding water to thin a cereal when it is half cooked or pouring it off to thicken it will ruin the flavor completely. When a cereal has cooked the required time and is still too moist, it may be thickened in ten minutes by taking off the lid of the boiler and allowing evaporation to thicken it. The flavor of many cereals is much improved by using half water and half milk in the cooking, as any one who has

tasted the milk porridge of Scotland will realize. When milk is used the cereal must be very carefully cooked; it will burn readily if set over the fire. Hominy, farina and oatmeal are especially improved by the addition of milk.

Cracked wheat is delicious eaten cold. It thickens considerably while cooling, therefore add one-third more water than if it is to be served cold. Pour it in a wet mold and allow it to jelly. Serve with cream, sugar and raw or stewed fruit. Hominy may be used as a vegetable as well as for a foundation for various delicious puddings. This cereal requires somewhat different treatment from wheat or oatmeal preparations. Soak the hominy for several hours in cold water, strain and put it in salted, boiling water. Cook for three or four hours. If used

Cereal	Quantity	Water	Time
Indian Meal.....	1 cup	3½ cups	4 hours
Coarse Oatmeal.....	" 4	" 3	"
Fine Hominy.....	" 6	" 5	"
Coarse Hominy.....	" 4	" 4	"
Cracked Wheat.....	" 5	" 4	"
Vitos.....	" 4½	" 1	"
Wheat Germ Meal.....	" 4	" 1	"
Malt Oats.....	" 4	" 1½	"
Flaked Oats.....	" 2	" 1	"
Mother's Oats.....	" 2	" 1	"
Steamed Cooked Oats.....	" 2	" 1	"
Pettijohn.....	" 2	" 1	"
Banner Oats.....	" 2	" 1	"
Wheatlet.....	" 3	" 40 minutes	"
Rollad Wheat.....	" 2½	" 40 "	"
Quaker Oats.....	" 2½	" 1 hour	"
Gluten Grits.....	" 6	" 1	"
California Wheatine.....	2 cups	" 40 minutes	"
Ralston Barley Food.....	1 cup	" 1 hour	"
Hominy Grits.....	" 8	" 30 m. (soak overnight)	"
Health Food.....	" 2	" 30 minutes	"
5 Minute Food.....	" 6	" 5	"

as an accompaniment to meat, instead of potatoes as it is commonly served in the South, drain away when cooked all superfluous moisture, add a tablespoonful of butter and a dash of pepper. Send to the table in a hot vegetable dish. Farina, Ralston food, cream of wheat or any of the finely ground wheat preparations make delicious puddings cooked in milk. Add a dash of salt, steam till tender, pour into a wet mold and chill. Serve with sweetened cream or a boiled custard, and any fruit that is in season. Various cereals may be introduced to hot breads with excellent results. Quaker muffins, made after the following recipe, are excellent.

Pour over two-thirds of a cupful of rolled oats, one cupful of scalded milk. Let it stand five minutes, then add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Sift in one and a half cupfuls of flour with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, beat well, stir in a well-beaten egg and bake in greased hot muffin tins.

A delicious dessert, in which farina is made according to this recipe: Beat the yolks of three eggs till thick and lemon-colored. Add gradually half a cupful of sugar, one-third of a cupful of soft bread crumbs and a scant half cupful of farina. Fold in the whites of three eggs beaten stiff and half a cupful of nut meat broken in pieces. Bake in three-layer cake tins in a slow oven for half an hour and put together with a creamy sauce. For the sauce, cream a fourth of a cupful of butter, add gradually half a cupful of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of milk, drop by drop, and one tablespoonful of brandy. This may be eaten as a cake or transformed into a tempting pudding by serving it hot with a rich brandy sauce. The inventive housewife may devise many similar dishes.

## The Evolution of American Humor

By James L. Ford

PHILOSOPHERS who look upon passing events through the rose-colored glasses of optimism may find cause for rejoicing by comparing our national humor of to-day with that of the so-called "newspaper school" that flourished from a quarter to a third of a century ago.

It was at a time when the entire American nation seemed to be literally hungering after something funny that "The Danbury News Man," "The Detroit Free Press Man," "The Burlington Hawkeye Man," and a score of others of their class sprang into a sudden local renown which in many cases grew into national fame. Their humor was, as a general thing, of what is known professionally as the "acrobatic" school. That is to say, it was founded on human catastrophes of the sort incident to the treacherous banana peel, the putting up of the stovepipe, the return from the lodge, the depredations of the goat and the perversities of the yellow dog. In the humor of this school, inebriety, in its many droll phases, played a part whose importance it would be difficult to over-estimate.

We have outgrown this school at the present day, but let us not sneer at it, for, after all, it was true, sterling humor, founded on the same deathless principle of seeing somebody get the worst of it that underlies all funny happenings the world around—the same principle that forms the backbone alike of Thackeray's satire and the early English jokes of the pulling-a-chair-from-under variety. Moreover, it was a clean, honest humor which served the double purpose of educating the popular taste and developing a few writers, like Mark Twain and Eugene Field, who are now a source of national pride.

For my own part, I look back with feelings of tender regret to the days when a humorist could not only write two thousand words about opening a bottle of kumyss or fifteen hundred about losing a collar button under the bureau, but also fearlessly offer it in the marts of literature. Those were days when a humorist could set up his workshop in some pleasant country place, and with no stock in trade save such familiar properties as the mother-in-law, the goat, the stovepipe, the banana peel and the lodge grind out a living that at least gave him contentment and good health. Once or twice a month he would visit the city, bringing with him a basket of his wares. Most of the publications in those days dealt exclusively in acrobatic humor, with the exception perhaps of one which had what was called "a refined family circulation," and was therefore made the victim of stories about "Our little four-year-old," or "Our friend W., who lives in X— and is quite a wag in his way." No acrobatic jokes could be sold to the editor of that periodical, except those from which the curse had been craftily removed by crediting them to Chaplain X. of the Forty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment.

In the early eighties the growing popularity of "Puck," "Life" and "Judge" led to the establishment of pages or columns of original humorous matter in a vast number of periodicals, creating a demand for humor great enough to overtax the capacity of the regularly accredited members of the craft. It was this extraordinary and unlooked-for call

for humorous matter that led a vast number of men and women to abandon such serious pursuits as the cultivation of the soil, the cleansing of household linen, the mending of tinware and the picking of huckleberries in order that they might become American humorists. But in spite of the competition of this cheap unskilled labor, the professionals profited greatly by this active market and the art of nursing a joke and causing it to crystallize into a dozen or more distinct marketable forms, not one of which could be detected as a plagiarism of any of the others, was carried to a higher degree of perfection during this period than ever before in the history of American letters.

The best of the humorists, however, sought a wider field for their efforts in the pages of the magazines, the acceptance of one article or story being deemed sufficient to change them from mere funny writers to "literary men," and adding materially to the value of their signature.

At last the public began to tire of humorous pages made up of paragraphs, verses and two-line dialogues—"short stuff" as it was called—and displayed a marked preference for the Sunday humorous article signed by some well-known name. It was on this wave of popular taste that Bill Nye, who had made his first reputation on a Western newspaper, came into great popularity as the pioneer of the syndicated weekly article, which at the time of his death brought him an income of \$200 a week and rendered him prosperous to a degree that the humorists of an elder day never dreamed of.

Bill Nye was the last leader of the race of American newspaper humorists and one of the best of them as well. The school which he represented is fast disappearing from its native soil, but it seems to have taken a firm root in England under the fostering care of Jerome K. Jerome and his following.

As for our own humor in its most modern phases, it is more like that of Benjamin Franklin, the earliest humorist of our nation, than anything that has been known here in many decades. It is satirical rather than acrobatic, and deals with mental moods rather than with disasters. Its most popular commercial form is that of the syndicated Sunday article, and its chief prophets are Mr. Finley P. Dunne and Mr. George Ade.

Judging from the most pronounced trend of the popular taste of to-day, it is safe to predict that satire in its highest form will soon find a large and appreciative audience in this country, and that the time is ripe for an American Thackeray to satirize our manners and vanities. A fact which serves to deepen the rosy tint on the humorous horizon is that the worst forms of British comicality have never taken root in our soil, and that, too, in spite of persistent efforts to transplant them.

Machine-made epigrams, of the meretricious school in which Oscar Wilde chose to sink his remarkable talents, never took any real hold on us, although a vast number of the dilettanti declared them "immensely clever" and affected to prefer them to "coarse American newspaper jokes." These epigrams failed to become genuinely popular here because they were not founded upon that quality of sincerity which underlies all true wit.

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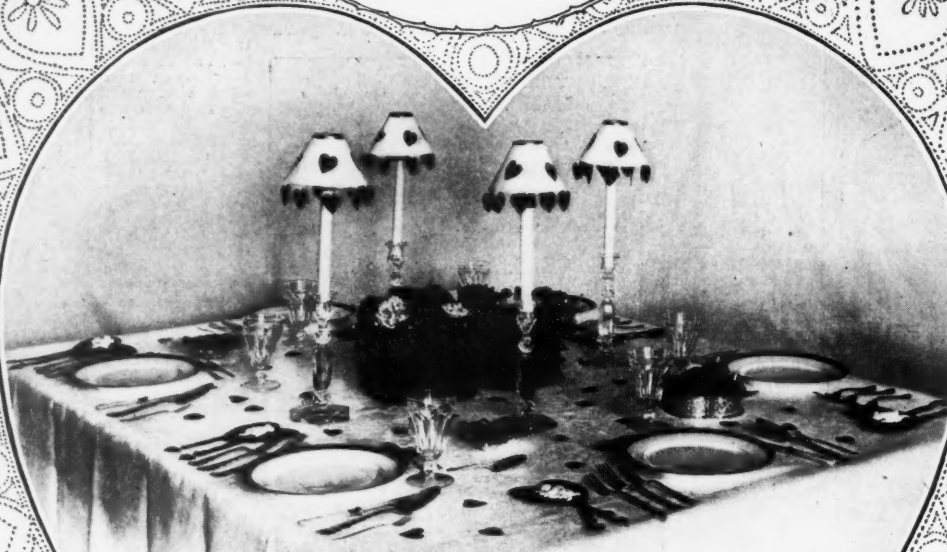
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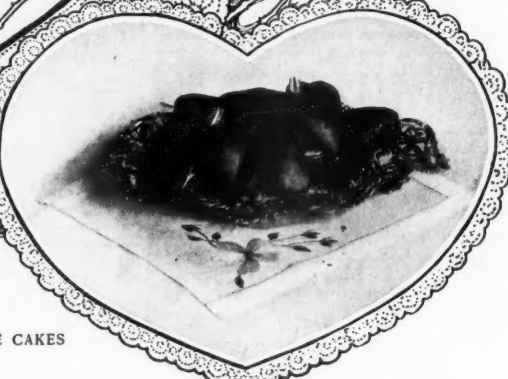
# A St. Valentine Dinner



By  
Ida Lee Follett



A VALENTINE TRIFLE



VALENTINE CAKES



AS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY is one of the gayest festivals of the year, and no longer a day confined to the interchange of lovelorn letters elaborately fabricated of gold and silver and paper lace, it affords an excellent opportunity to give a delightful dinner. February is a bleak, cold month, winter has become an old story, and therefore anything suggestive of spring is welcome. A happy combination for a Valentine Dinner is dainty, spring-like fare, with a setting replete with coziness and good cheer. Choose for the general color scheme a royal red, the color of the ruby, the gem symbolical of

the core of the heart. For Valentine's Day, the festival of lovers, the rose is the flower for table decoration. The dining-room should be lighted with candles; the shades should be made of artificial red roses. The soft light of the candles, with the glow of the shades, gives a wonderfully mellow light.

On entering the drawing-room the guests should find a screen made of a sheet, upon which are pinned as many hearts as there are couples. These hearts are made of scarlet cardboard and should be about six inches in length, in order to make a fair target. Upon the reverse side of each heart should be the name of a young woman present. The men are provided with bows and arrows, and by their luck in archery their choice of dinner partners is to be determined. That is to say, the heart that a man strikes or pierces with his arrow carries the name of the young woman he is to take to the dinner table.

The effect, you see, is not far different from what it used to be when our great, great, great-grandfathers and mothers tossed their little inscribed billets or hearts into a basket, and then drew the slips lottery-wise. Only in the old time one's "Valentine" lasted not through the evening's merriment alone, but through the entire year. In those days one was bound to the service of his Valentine. Indeed, it was no uncommon thing for the imaginary to lead to a real engagement. Of these old customs our English poets have sung enchantingly, of all, perhaps, Herrick the most completely and affectionately—one might almost say most racially, for the very flavor of our race is in his country songs.

Those were the days of graceful symbolism, and it is interesting to think that we are reviving customs thousands of years old, and much refining them with the archery and red hearts.

Before dismissing this point of the evening's merriment, we might suggest that

a statuette of the ancient god of love—there is a pleasingly graceful one by an old Greek sculptor—might be placed in some niche lighted with lamps and made fragrant with red roses. Or the little statue might be set over the screen upon which the hearts are pinned, the presiding divinity, as it were, of the archer's fortune. In the symbolic use of Cupid's statue for this evening there is great opportunity for the display of individual taste and fancy.

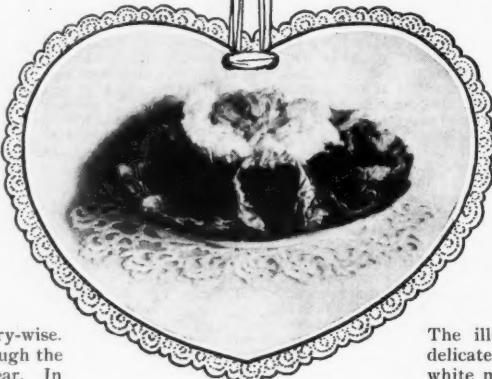
The table in the illustration is laid for six. The place cards are heart-shaped valentines, decorated in water colors with cupids and suitable valentine verses. To the red streamers are attached two smaller hearts, one for the name, the other for the date. The centerpiece is a heart-shaped basket, made of cardboard, covered with red crêpe paper and filled with meteor roses and asparagus fern. The shades shown in the illustration are of a simple and severe style, decorated in water colors with red hearts. The daring red on the plain white is clear cut and effective.

The oyster cocktail is most attractive when served in ice shells. These are easily made at home by piling up small scalloped tins half filled with water which is allowed to freeze. The tins will separate readily when they are slightly warmed. After the shells are filled with the oyster cocktail, place in the centre of each a heart cut from a pimento or Mexican pepper, with a heart-shaped vegetable cutter.

In each plate of consommé put several tiny hearts cut from thin slices of beets. The creamed fish is prettily served in heart-shaped paper cases. The sandwiches should be very thin and stamped into hearts with a heart-shaped cake cutter. Crown roast of lamb is always an attractive pièce de résistance, and with the tender green peas offers a taste of spring fare. The salad is a most effective one.

The illustration shows the tomato hearts resting upon the delicate, inner leaves of head lettuce. Above is a circle of white mayonnaise capped with the yellow mayonnaise.

The dessert is a distinctly novel and dainty one. The tiny hearts of ruby-colored jelly, scattered over the soft fluff of whipped cream, make an altogether fascinating dish. The cakes shown in the illustration are of home manufacture. A white cake mixture was baked in heart-shaped pans. The icing was colored red with a harmless vegetable coloring matter used by confectioners. Each cake is pierced with a metal arrow. The bonbons are red and white hearts and a dish of delicious candied cherries. They and the cakes are in heart-shaped silver dishes. The final touch to this charming table is to scatter with a lavish hand over the cloth small hearts cut from red



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**TO THE ROOTS**

**A School Boy Digs Down to Find Food to Build Him Right.**

A good, straightforward letter was recently sent by a bright clever youth which shows his ability to go to the bottom of a trouble and rectify it.

He says, "I attended High School for three years but made little progress. I did not enjoy good health; my food was not properly digested; this caused headache and hence I could not study. I tried taking exercise in the foot-ball field but was unable to stand it as it always increased my headache.

During the summer holidays I began eating Grape-Nuts and the benefit was immediate, the headache stopped, my food digested properly so that I had no more stomach trouble, my general health improved, my weight increased and my brain was clear and bright.

The result was that this summer I procured Junior Leaving and Junior Matriculation Standing. I also took my place on the foot-ball team as half-back and played in all the games of 1901.

This wonderful increase in mental and physical health I attribute to no other cause than the nourishment I got from Grape-Nuts. I recommend them to everybody who desires health. I am only a boy of 17 years, but my weight is 148 pounds and this weight was procured solely by the use of Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is a reason why Grape-Nuts should correct a delicate, physical, or a sluggish mental condition. The food is highly nutritious and is predigested so that it helps the digestive organs to assimilate other food. It is also rich in the phosphates that go directly to make up the delicate gray matter of brain and nerve centres.

cardboard. The vivid, blazing red in contrast with the purity of the damask makes a brilliant picture.  
The menu in detail is as follows:

OYSTER COCKTAIL  
CONSOMME PRINTANIER  
Heart-shaped Croutons  
CREAMED FISH  
Brown Bread and Butter Sandwiches  
CROWN ROAST OF LAMB  
Green Peas Potato Balls with Parsley  
Salted Almonds Pimolas Radishes  
TOMATO JELLY WITH MAYONNAISE  
Crackers Cheese  
WHIPPED CREAM WITH JELLY  
Heart-shaped Cakes Heart-shaped Bonbons  
Candied Cherries  
BLACK COFFEE

**Oyster Cocktails**

Make a sauce of one tablespoonful of horseradish, one-half teaspoonful of tabasco sauce, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of tomato catsup, one-half teaspoonful of salt; mix and place on ice an hour before needed. Put two dozen small oysters, chilled, into six ice shells, add one tablespoonful of sauce to each portion. Put in the middle of each a piece of scarlet pimento or Mexican sweet pepper, cut into heart shape with heart-shaped vegetable cutter.

**Consomme Printanier**

Cut meat into small pieces; add bones; cover with water and heat slowly to boiling point; add one cupful of cold water and simmer gently four hours; add vegetables and seasoning; boil one hour; pour into an earthen bowl through a wet cloth. In the morning skim off every particle of fat; add slightly beaten white of egg and crushed shell to jelly—one egg to a quart of stock; place on fire and stir until it boils. Boil five minutes, or until it breaks free from scum; simmer gently fifteen minutes; add a tiny piece of ice or a little cold water, remove carefully from the fire, pour through a wet cloth into a bowl. When required, remove any particle of fat; heat, add flavoring, cut beets into slices, with a heart-shaped vegetable cutter cut into hearts; serve several in each plate.

**Heart-shaped Croutons**

Cut bread into one-quarter inch slices, remove the crust, spread slightly with butter on both sides, cut into heart-shapes with vegetable cutter; bake until light brown. Serve with soup.

**Crown Roast of Lamb**

Twelve uncut chops arranged in a circle; this will take two loins; have the butcher chop through the bones only. Do not cut chops apart. Trim bones, tie in a circle, meat inside and bones standing up. Cover bones with piece of salt pork. Dust with salt and pepper, and bake about an hour or more, basting often with stock or hot water. Remove string and pork; serve with centre filled with green peas and the mint sauce in a boat. The ingredients for the mint sauce are: one-half cupful of mint, minced fine; one-half cupful of hot vinegar, one tablespoonful of sugar.

**Tomato Jelly**

One-half can or two cupfuls of tomato, three cloves, one bay leaf, one slice of onion, one-half teaspoonful of thyme, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, one-third box of Cooper's gelatine, soaked in one-half cupful of water. Boil together the tomatoes, spices and onion until the tomato is soft, then add the soaked gelatine, and stir until the gelatine is dissolved; then strain and pour into individual heart-shaped cake pans or molds. When chilled and ready to serve, arrange on lettuce leaves.

**A Valentine Trifle**

Flavor a quart of cream with two dessert-spoonfuls of rum, sweeten with six scant teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar, whip until it all becomes firm and of fine grain. Turn into a glass dish, sprinkle over the top hearts of ruby-colored wine jelly. The jelly for this purpose must very firm and stiff; first cut in slices, then with a tiny heart-shaped cake cutter or vegetable cutter stamp out the hearts. To ensure success everything should be kept very cold.

**Valentine Cakes**

Whites of six eggs, three-quarter cupfuls of butter, one and one-quarter cupfuls of powdered sugar, two cupfuls of flour, juice of half a lemon, one-quarter teaspoonful of soda. Sift the soda with the flour three times; cream the butter and add the flour to it; whip the eggs to a stiff froth and add the sugar; then beat them gradually into the butter and flour and add the lemon juice. Bake in a moderate oven. While still warm, ice. To make the icing, take the white of one egg; do not beat except as you add the sugar. Use one-fourth of a pound of powdered sugar to one egg; season to taste; color a good red with a harmless vegetable coloring matter. It is best to make up a small amount at a time.

**Love's Gift**

By Felix Carmen

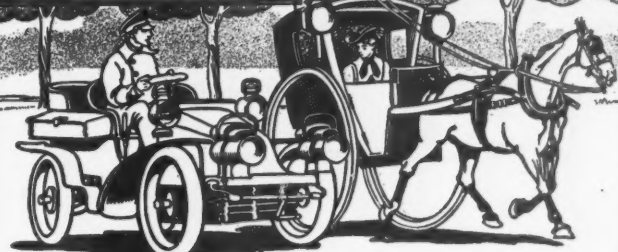
Daybreak and song and rose and star,—

All of these things to me you are.

You are a garden sweet conferred

By love upon a poet-bird.

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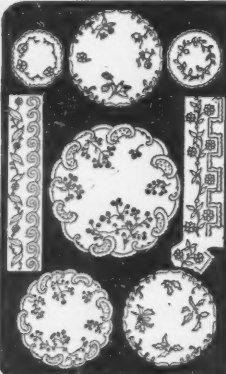
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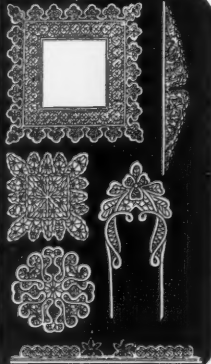
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## The Right Thing

A New Catarrh Cure, Which is Rapidly  
Coming to the Front.

For several years, Eucalyptol Guaiacol and Hydrastin have been recognized as standard remedies for catarrhal troubles, but they have always been given separately and only very



recently an ingenious chemist succeeded in combining them, together with other antiseptics into a pleasant, effective tablet.

Druggists sell the remedy under the name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and it has met with remarkable success in the cure of nasal catarrh, bronchial and throat catarrh and in catarrh of the stomach.

Mr. F. N. Benton, whose address is care of Clark House, Troy, N. Y., says: "When I run up against anything that is good I like to tell people of it. I have been troubled with catarrh more or less for some time. Last winter more than ever. Tried several so-called cures, but did not get any benefit from them. About six weeks ago I bought a 50 cent box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and am glad to say that they have done wonders for me and I do not hesitate to let all my friends know that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are the right thing."

Mr. Geo. J. Casanova of hotel Griffin, West 9th street, New York City, writes: "I have commenced using Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and already they have given me better results than any catarrh cure I have ever tried."

A leading physician of Pittsburgh advises the use of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in preference to any other treatment for catarrh of the head, throat or stomach.

He claims they are far superior to inhalers, salves, lotions or powder, and are much more convenient and pleasant to take and are so harmless that little children take them with benefit as they contain no opiate, cocaine or any poisonous drugs.

All druggists sell Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at 50 cents for full size package and they are probably the safest and most reliable cure for any form of catarrh.

## Social Problems in the Home

(Continued from Page 12)

man who will agree to such an arrangement loves his wife very little or very much. If he married her for money or position or convenience, he will not mind trying it. If he loves her greatly, he will make the sacrifice for her sake. Either way, he will regret the experiment. The first year or two of married life, when eccentricities are creeping out and temperaments are struggling, with love's help, to adjust themselves, constitute a most trying and vital period. All the discipline necessary to make two characters strong and sturdy will be found in the ordinary course of those first two years, all other conditions being favorable. No further handicap of relatives-in-law or other people's houses or interference or criticisms or busybodying of any kind whatsoever will be necessary.

### When He Marries the Family

The man who lives with his wife's people holds no enviable position, even when he is popular. His wife is never quite wholly his own, and her attitude is not quite what it would be if they were alone. They are constantly on parade and, whether they realize it or not, the audience affects them. Her spirit of independence is strengthened by the feeling of kinship close behind. Her tendency to "kiss and make up" is curtailed by the presence of onlookers. She is not wholly dependent upon him for companionship, and he, knowing she will not be alone, has less compunction about leaving her. If he is frequently delayed "on business," she fears to rely on her faith and trust, because others may think she is easily imposed upon. Instinctively the man feels this. Inwardly he resents what seems like a combine between his wife and her family, which, if it be not against him, at least is not with him. Something that he hoped for has not come true. And here is what it is: He is not master of his own home, and he lacks the dignity and self-respect which attend the head of the household. She is not mistress in her own home and she lacks the interest and enthusiasm in her new estate which should be her portion. The hours that heretofore were filled with "bachelor" pastimes are left idle and filled with ennui and discontent. "Is this all that marriage can offer?" is the mental query of each. It certainly is not. The highest and best in life it offers—but not under one's mother-in-law's roof. The right and the natural thing for a man and his wife to do is to go build them a home—the best they can afford, materially and spiritually. For the home of another can not be really their home. In it their hopes can not be fulfilled, and their lives will lack something that is sweet and wholesome and most worth while; a something that binds and fetters and welds with a closeness that comes of utter dependence and unqualified surrender.

### The Case of Necessity

One other condition leads to the mother-in-law. It is not optional but imperative. It is where a mother has no other kindred, perhaps no other means of support. In this instance the conditions for the young people are somewhat bettered, because she will usually go to live with them, in the home of which the wife is mistress. If she be the girl's mother, there is less likelihood of friction, because a man is absent during the day, and a girl knows how to get on with her own mother. The real problem of the mother-in-law rises between the man's mother and his wife. The girl is full of dread. Her attitude toward her mother-in-law is likely to be on the defensive. Often she fears antagonism so deeply that she creates it. The mother's attitude is critical—which is natural, though a bit trying for the girl. If the mother did not believe her son to be quite the best boy in the world, it would reflect not only on him, but on her own handiwork. She has loved him and nurtured him from babyhood; she has watched his character develop and helped to form it. She was the first and has been the greatest influence in his life. Now she is just a sort of queen-regent, and another is sitting on the throne. Can she be blamed for flashing an X-ray on the motives and methods of that other who will take up the threads where she left off? Is not her fear that this girl may be frivolous, or extravagant, or lacking in wisdom and womanly qualities, somewhat justified by her love and interest in this boy whom she has borne, in this soul that she has guided, in this heart where, until now she has held sway? And can you not understand, who are daughters-in-law and some day may be mothers, the pang it means to her to step down as mistress of his home and recognize another's rule?

### A Word to Mothers-in-Law

And you who are mothers-in-law, you have duties too. Your daughter-in-law is not perfect. She is just human, as you are and as your son is. Go back a few decades. Have you forgotten the day you met your husband's people? Have all the scars caused by their doubts and fears quite vanished? Have you no memory of their halting welcome, of your diffidence that was almost pain, of your angry wonder if their words conveyed a double meaning, of that little chip on your shoulder that was constantly falling to the stifled accompaniment of salt tears—the little chip which you religiously set back in place after each encounter?

There's a golden rule for you relatives-in-law, "Put yourself in her place." The older and the younger viewpoint must be different—perhaps extreme. Somewhere in between the two, find the normal balance. Two people at opposite poles can never get together if neither will concede—and keen is the satisfaction in the knowledge that to her who does make sacrifices must come the great ultimate and lasting good.

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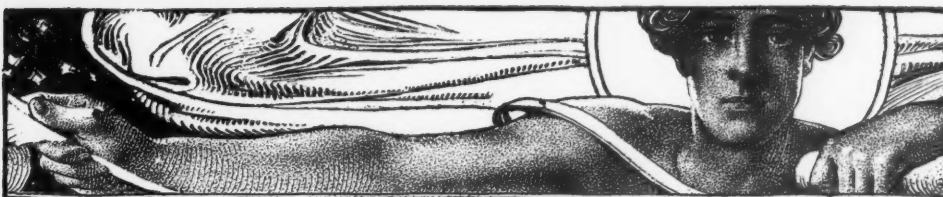
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## MEN AND DOINGS : A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

**BLOOD POISONING** is the latest of life's enemies to succumb to medical science. Dr. Charles C. Barrows's discovery of the aseptic properties of formalin promises to rob blood-poisoning and many other diseases of their lethal terror, and is regarded by the medical fraternity as one of the most important ever made.

Photograph by Davis & Sanford



Dr. C. C. Barrows

Formalin has been used for years in surgery and by undertakers in embalming as an antiseptic fluid, but has hitherto been considered too violent in its effects to be administered internally. Acting on the principle that to successfully combat septicæmia the bacteria in the blood must be destroyed, a preparation of formalin—a solution stronger than carbolic acid and but little inferior to corrosive sublimate—is injected into the patient's veins in large quantities. Formalin is a forty per cent solution in water of formaldehyde gas, the gas being an oxidation of methyl-alcohol which possesses strong germicidal qualities. In plain English, formalin and microbes do not fraternize in the same system. This drastic remedy will tend to revolutionize the science of medicine with the happiest of results if, as seems probable, it fulfils its discoverer's expectations in future as in past cases. The patients who have submitted to the treatment, with few exceptions, showed radical improvement, even when in the last stages of the disease. Dr. Barrows is a gynecologist of standing, having been connected with Bellevue Hospital in the capacity of visiting physician for sixteen years.

**THE DEATH OF ABRAM S. HEWITT**, former Mayor of New York, closes a life of arduous labors, many laudable achievements and, on the whole, deserved honors. The fact has also brought to the family expressions of sorrow which prove the deceased to have been more than the incumbent of a metropolitan mayoralty—not in itself an exceptional honor. He was a factor in the eyes of the country in educational and philanthropic works and in politics, both civic and national. In the latter, his connection with the Tilden campaign of 1876 first brought him into prominence. He had his enemies in life and leaves busy biographers behind, but on the whole his was a well-turned life. Abram S. Hewitt was born in 1822, at Haverstraw, N. Y. Ambition budding early, he abandoned agricultural pursuits to make his way through school and afterward through college. After his marriage to Peter Cooper's daughter he engaged in the iron business with his father-in-law and the firm made millions. Mr. Hewitt, in his political career, was prominent in Tammany, twice a member of Congress and Mayor of New York. He was one of the original strenuous supporters of "good government," national and civic, as he conceived it, and was interested in numerous charities, chief among which was the Cooper Union, a free educational institute, to which he eventually made over the fortune bequeathed him by Peter Cooper. His business interests included mining, railroads and other enterprises, in which he was actively engaged up to within a few days of his death.

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Abram S. Hewitt

**SEVERE GALES AT SEA** during the past few weeks have played havoc with Atlantic shipping. The disappearance of the American liner *St. Louis* for three days, during which time she was not reported by any passing vessel, was the sensation of the week for New York and the underwriters. The slow return passage of the big ship is rumored to be attributable to defective boilers. The *St. Louis* was last passed for ocean passenger traffic in April, 1902, and had a comparatively clean record. The ship's officers attribute her delay to heavy seas, and the gales usually encountered at this time of the year.

Photograph by James H. Hare



Arrival of the overdue Liner "St. Louis" at New York, January 17

**THE MOST POWERFUL GUN** ever built in the United States was tested January 17 at the Sandy Hook proving-ground under direction of General Crozier, Chief of Ordnance. Three great projectiles were hurled across an ocean range, fired from the new 16-inch coast-defence rifle which was recently constructed at the Watervliet arsenal, at a cost of \$100,000. The first shot was backed by a charge of 550 pounds of smokeless powder and weighed 240 pounds. For the second and third shots, 640 pounds of powder were used. The range of the gun is twenty miles, but it can be used to hit objects only four or five miles distant, from the fact that the target could not be seen at a greater distance. Firing from Sandy Hook, the new gun could drop a shell into Central Park or into any part of Brooklyn. If it were stood up on its breech beside a three-story house, enough of the muzzle would overtop the building to form a respectable chimney. It is 49 feet long and 6 feet 2 inches thick at the breech. A company of

Photograph by O'Neill & Langley, N. Y.



The new Coast-Defence Gun

soldiers could find cover behind the rifle if it were lying on the ground. This weapon costs the American taxpayers \$825 every time it is fired.

**THE LOSS OF THE ENGLISH SHIP *Elingamite*** forms a thrilling sea story. The steamer was on a voyage from Sydney to Auckland. In a dense fog on the morning of November 9 she ran ashore on West Island of the Three Kings group, off Cape Maria Van Diemen. All the boats and two rafts were launched. Ninety people were rescued by a passing steamer and fifty landed at Hohoura. British warships were sent in search of the survivors. The raft containing the remainder of the crew and passengers was found by H.M.S. *Penguin* with eight men aboard, half the number with which it started. Men were driven mad by dipping their heads into the sea and drinking. Some of the men jumped overboard and were drowned. Great



The Survivors of the wrecked Steamship "Elingamite"

praise is given by the survivors to the captain of the *Penguin*, who tracked the raft "over a pathless sea with the astuteness that a bloodhound follows a slot on shore."

**"THE PISTOL CODE"** has claimed another victim in the South. On January 15, Lieutenant-Governor James H. Tillman shot down in cold blood N. G. Gonzales, editor of the "Columbia State," who was unarmed at the time—early in the afternoon. The shooting was the outcome of a long-continued bitter personal and political feud, and took place in the presence of Senators Talbird and Brown, who left the Senate Chamber with Mr. Tillman, where the latter had been presiding. The party met Mr. Gonzales, who was going home to luncheon. The Lieutenant-Governor stepped out in front of his companions, drew his revolver and shot down the editor without any preliminary formalities. It appeared after the shooting that Mr. Tillman was well "heeled" for the event and was carrying two pistols at the time of the encounter. It is probable that the feud grew originally out of the encounter between Senator Tillman, uncle of the Lieutenant-Governor, and Senator McLaurin on the floor of the Senate. Editor Gonzales attacked Tillman, both in his personal capacity and as a politician. A duel was spoken of between the two men, but Editor Gonzales "refused to be drawn into a melodramatic situation," as he said, "for the purpose of advertising Tillman." The time was ripe for the customary sequel, the shooting. Gonzales died of his wound January 19. An injection of the new remedy, formalin, was tried as a *dernier ressort*, but failed to have any appreciable effect.



James H. Tillman

**HENRI OPPERT DE BLOWITZ**, probably the most widely known of international newspaper correspondents, succumbed January 18 to apoplexy, after a successful journalistic career of twenty-five years. His death occurred a few weeks after the formal announcement of his retirement as Paris correspondent of the London "Times." His first affiliation with the "Thunderer" dates back some thirty years, when the then incumbent of the post, Mr. Olyphant, induced him to secure an interview with M. Thiers for the paper. This proved the acorn of the Blowitz oak. Of the foreign correspondents of American papers, he first appreciated the value of and to some extent employed the great American "scoop," the first principle of which is to make news, if no news exists, and to get it over the wires first, even if necessary to anticipate events a trifle. Blowitz was born in Bohemia in 1832, and early became a naturalized Frenchman. He served during the Franco-Prussian War as a citizen soldier, from the time the Commune was declared in Marseilles until its collapse, when he was despatched by the civic authorities to Paris to announce the fact to M. Thiers. He was rewarded for this service with a consular appointment. Among his close acquaintances he counted such great ones of the world as the present English sovereign, and the Bourbon princes.



Henri De Blowitz

**OUR CORRESPONDENT AT HONOLULU** sends us a photograph showing the landing of the Pacific cable, connecting San Francisco and Hawaii. An immense crowd of natives "assisted" with their canoes in bringing the cable ashore at "Sans Souci," the landing station. This place was once the residence of Robert Louis Stevenson. Boys and men alike jumped into the water when the cable was brought ashore and handled the "talking wire" and otherwise evinced the utmost interest. Hawaiian newspapers now experience the very novel sensation of publishing news that is not anywhere from a week to ten days old. Hundreds of messages of a congratulatory character were received and delivered by the cable company. The effect of the cable on these islands is uncertain. It will, it is believed, be the cause of attracting many tourists who have hitherto failed to visit the Hawaiian Islands by reason of the lack of cable communication.

Photograph by our Honolulu Correspondent, R. B. Kidd



How the Pacific Cable was brought Ashore at Honolulu

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## Easy Divorce Is a Peril to Society

By Cynthia Westover Alden

IT IS a matter of keen regret to me, as it ought to be to every thinking woman, to see those who appear to speak for the sex advocating laxity in divorce law. I will not say that divorce should not be possible under any conceivable conditions; but it should be made difficult, hedged about with restrictions, and regarded as an abnormal way out of abnormal circumstances. A divorced woman or a divorced man ought to accept the burden of proof; ought to stand or fall on the sufficiency of the conditions to justify the divorces. Luckily society, that broader American society, which cares little for the Four Hundred, imposes this burden of proof on the divorced person. But for this the existing laxity of the law would have done much more damage than is yet apparent. Easy divorce does not co-exist with the dignity of woman. It is the companion of slavery. It is the exponent not of progress, but of decay. I hardly need to quote history to prove that. It proves itself. It is self-evident. "Giving a writing of divorcement" is a simple process. That was the Mosaic idea. Does any one want to have it re-established?

Frankly speaking, the idea that the absolute liberty of woman is the best guarantee for the health and the morality of children, is at variance with facts of human experience. To what race do we go for types of health and beauty? Certainly to the ancient Greeks, preferably to the Athenians. Were women free in Athens? Were they the equals of their husbands, consulted on practical questions, admitted to a voice in the affairs of the commonwealth? Were they educated in the same schools, taught the same branches of learning as their brothers? Nothing of the sort. About the only educated women we have heard of among the Greeks are women of the Hetaira class. It was enough for the wives of these worshippers of beauty to bear children worthy of their sires.

Divorce, save as an exercise of the husband's free will, was unknown among the Greeks. The wives were what you would call slaves, if you took the view of life which some of your contributors take. But they did not regard themselves as slaves. They regarded themselves as the mothers of heroes, and indeed they were. Physically, mentally and morally the old Athenian has never been surpassed. And even spiritually it is an open question whether he was not the superior of any oriental type. He was certainly more original in his philosophy.

I think there are few American homes that would not be benefited by an honest study of the real meaning of St. Paul's four domestic rules:

"Nevertheless, let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself.  
"And the wife see that she reverence her husband.

"Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.

"And ye, fathers provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

It was a pompous clergyman who began his sermon: "St. Paul says, my brethren, and in this I agree with him," causing scoffers to laugh softly to themselves. I don't care to take just that attitude. Not to discuss the inspiration of the Scriptures, which is too often repudiated by those who merely think they think; the fact is generally conceded

even by profane students that St. Paul was as pure in his life as in his logic; that he was a scholarly gentleman. And in what he wrote about the family he wrote for all time, for all environments, for all conditions of men and women.

There will be no discussion of divorce in the family where father and mother and sons and daughters obey the rules of the Epistle to the Ephesians. I couldn't—well, I don't think any woman writer of the day could improve on them.

The home is the unit of real civilization. It is the primary function of society to keep the home intact. The moral justification of all laws for the protection of property is found in this idea. We secure to a man the product of his thrift and industry, not so much that he may be happier or more powerful, or better esteemed in the community, as that he may be able to maintain a wife, feed, clothe and care for children, and contribute in this way something to the future of the society in which he lives.

I am sorry, sincerely sorry, that I can not agree with Dr. Lyman Abbott in the idea that "the sacredness of the home, the integrity of the family is not threatened—that there never was a time and never a land where we find so many happy homes, and so many happy families as in 1903 in these United States."

The sacredness of the home, the integrity of the family, are threatened by many influences. The easiness of divorce is only one of them, and the decadence of the home is not at all confined to one class in the community. It is seen among the rich, among the middle class and among the poor. It is a real peril to our national future.

Now it is proposed to add to these disintegrating influences another, viz.: "Divorce to be settled by the parties themselves, the State interfering only to guard against injustice to the children." The greatest injustice to the children forsooth is in the divorce itself!

I trust lawmakers will go slowly in this matter. Free love is too great a step backward. A husband's obligations ought to be real. A wife's obligations ought to be no less so. The one should exactly equal and balance the other. But there is a third party in interest, the community. Every violated marriage tie is an example and represents a tendency. To permit the momentary pique of one party or the other or of both to permanently injure society by an intolerable example, would be inexcusable even in the men who make up our State Legislatures.

The psychology of husbands and of wives must be taken into account also. If marriage is easily dissolved it will be the more recklessly entered into. And inasmuch as the man finds his wife not an impossible ideal which he has set up for himself, and the woman discovers the same thing about her husband, the tendency for each will be to be needlessly dissatisfied; to strain at the conjugal bond; to break it since it is to be broken so easily.

I have no answer to any one who asserts that "public opinion justifies divorce." You know and I know it does not. I hope it never will, save where the most unusual conditions have led up to the divorce. The opposition of public opinion is the saving element in a situation fraught with particular peril, because marriage and divorce laws differ so widely in the different States.

## The Pennsylvania Academy Exhibition

By Arthur Hoeber

IF THE seventy-second annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts serves no other purpose, it at least discloses the fact that the American painter is busily engaged at portrait work, and, further, that he is to be taken most seriously in this branch of art. It is a curious fact, however, that Philadelphia should secure the best displays that are held each year in this country. One may always see the latest development of the native there, and be sure of a most entertaining show called from the studios of this continent as well as from London, Paris and elsewhere, for the managing director of the Academy makes a yearly trip over sea and many others east and west, in the United States, in order to secure good things. Not content with this, in addition, prominent collectors are interviewed, their choicest belongings are borrowed and the public is the great gainer.

Our landscape men show up well invariably in the current displays. It is in this field we have made great progress, and there are a few, very few figure men, though the great composition is yet to be done; but in beginning, it is place *aux portraits*, and the list is headed, of course, with John Singer Sargent, who curiously enough has just arrived from England. He is to paint the President, and as Cecelia Beaux has painted Mrs. Roosevelt, the portrait being at this Philadelphia exhibition, it will be interesting to have two historical documents of such an order by Americans, of Americans, for Americans. Mr. Sargent has here his capital, impetuous sort of portrait, of William M. Chase that goes to the Metropolitan Museum of Art; a sober likeness of Mr. Widener standing by a door, the resemblance being lifelike, and a masterly little canvas of James Ridgely Carter. This last is a technical achievement which is astonishing even for Sargent, whose resources seem never-ending and who delights in giving continual surprises.

Miss Beaux's portrait of the first lady of the land is altogether lovely, and she has others almost as good, while William M.

Chase portrays the aged Jay Cooke in a convincing way and Abbott Thayer, Wilton Lockwood, Carl Newman, E. C. Tarbell, Irving R. Wiles, Miss Ahrens and many more contribute. Prince Troubetzkoy's little "Master Wright," in a sailor suit with the sea behind, is full of life and animation, and if Mr. Whistler does not reach his highest flights in "The Little Lady Sophie of Soho," no one can complain that he has not given the modest work an attractive title. But Mr. Whistler has a panel to himself of no less than six works, all with alluring titles though they are of not too great importance. John W. Alexander is another who is well represented with six works, and there is a list of women, headed by Amanda Brewster Sewell, that is imposing, showing the sex to be well in the forefront of the art workers. Here is Mary Shepard Greene, whose "Little Story" of a girl in white reading is naive and attractive, while Jessie Wilcox Smith's "Mother's Day," a series of several sketches that were recently in the Christmas number of a magazine, are gems in the original and are prominently displayed.

It is interesting to see all these departures and note in so large an exhibition the strivings of the younger set, who, discontented with convention, are struggling for a newer and more personal interpretation of nature and mankind. Most of them here are to be taken very seriously. Their energy is healthy and their point of view as a rule is sane. If many of them have not quite arrived at the end of their aims, a considerable number are well on the road, and their efforts are bound to make for good art one of these days. It is an age of progress, of experimenting, and it finds its unrest in art as elsewhere. In closing, reference must be made to E. A. Abbey's "Sylvia," Horatio Walker's "Peasants, Scrapping a Pig," and work by Walter Gay, Edmund C. Tarbell, Henry B. Snell, Childie Hassam, Winslow Homer, Edward Simmons, Henry W. Ranger and Julian Story. The exhibition lasts until February 28.

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## The Gibson Girl

(Continued from Page 9)

cratic to the core. The Gibson girl is funda-  
mentally a patrician.

I grant that she is a very attractive patri-  
cian. She has all the thoroughbred, race-  
horse air of an English duchess, and the tact-  
ful elegance of the lady of the Boulevard St.  
Germain, with an ineffable look of her own,  
half spirit, half intellect, which suggests kin-  
ship to the Angel Gabriel. Her social ease,  
grace and versatility are a source of despair  
to people like my friend Selma White. But  
every lineament and every gesture indicate  
that she regards herself as superior to the  
ordinary, every-day person, and intends to  
keep the workaday world at arm's length.

### Her Luxury and Fastidiousness

Again regarding her critically, what a very  
luxurious creature she is! To imagine her  
without fastidiously fitting clothes, exquisite  
personal effects, perpetual flowers, trinkets,  
bonbons, books and other aesthetic associa-  
tions would be not to imagine her at all. We  
are told that she is ready to renounce all  
these at one fell swoop for the sake of the  
man she loves, but her delineator, Mr. Gib-  
son, almost becomes her censor, and cer-  
tainly her satirizer, on this issue by portray-  
ing her frequently in the guise of dejectedly  
offering up a broken heart to the god of mam-  
mon, who triumphs sometimes as a foreign  
title, sometimes as a huge fortune. If Mr.  
Gibson be not mistaken, the woods are full  
of young men whom she has tearfully dis-  
carded because she could not afford to marry  
them. They could not provide her with a  
town and country house, retinues of servants,  
a steam yacht, and all the accessories of beau-  
tiful and self-indulgent splendor. As we sur-  
vey her from the tip of her egret to the soles  
of her boots, we can not but feel that she has  
established a standard of personal sumptu-  
ousness which only ample wealth will enable  
her to maintain.

Finally, is not the ethical value of the Gib-  
son girl that of a beautiful pagan? At first,  
to be sure, her majestic brow, finely cut  
nostril and commanding figure bewitch our  
moral imaginations, so that our pulses throb  
with the hope of victories achieved over the  
hosts of darkness by her noble inspirations.  
But as we grow accustomed to the poetry of  
her pose the thought insinuates itself that  
her tense attitude of militant maid in fashion-  
able attire represents the aggressiveness of  
aesthetic patrician paganism, not the simple  
aspiration of modern democracy.

### The Keypoint of American Character

Now, pride and luxury and paganism are  
as old as the hills, and have been symbolic of  
all aristocracies, but they are not qualities  
consistent with what hitherto have been  
American ideals. The keypoint of American  
character, both masculine and feminine, in  
the past has been unconscious, dignified sim-  
plicity resulting from unassuming self-respect.  
It has not been the custom of any of us  
until the last twenty years to hold our  
selves disdainfully as though we feared con-  
tact with common clay and wished to call  
attention to our superiority. It has remained  
for the Gibson girl and her stud of male  
admirers—athletic-looking figures with finely  
chiselled features and the same look of in-  
effable scorn for the rest of the world which  
she wears—to point a departure from the  
manners of our ancestors. A departure was  
perhaps inevitable as the consequence of the  
increasing splendor which our national pros-  
perity has evoked, but one which exchanges  
the charm of unconscious dignity for the foible  
of supercilious arrogance is surely no im-  
provement, and is at best a servile imitation  
of what we intended to discard as worn-out  
social properties. There are people who  
maintain that aristocracies must always con-  
tinue, and that every nation will favor the  
evolution of a class which wears pride on its  
lip as a social ban. To these pessimists the  
Gibson girl must be a consolation and a joy.

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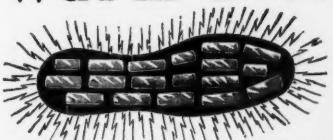
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# Seen from the Study Window

A MONTH'S-END TALK ABOUT PASSING THINGS WORTH WHILE

By Norman Hapgood

## I.—Democracy in Art

THE ORDINARY Japanese receives from an exquisite drawing a pleasure almost as keen as the artist feels. The girl who blacks your boots in a German boarding-house attends the intellectual plays of Sudermann, and talks intelligently of Goethe. The tradesman in the rue de Rivoli forgets his work and talks excitedly of the beauty in a portrait. In America there is a difference. Our people, on the average, care less for beauty which has no use. The houses are uglier, the public statues uglier, in every artistic direction there is less proof of taste.

Mark Twain is the most important American writer alive, and he is read throughout the land by every class. England has no living writers with a better chance of immortality than Mr. Kipling and Mr. Barrie, both of whom reach the millions. The judgments of the most competent few here agree with the instinctive liking of the many. Mark Twain has his inequalities, his lapses of taste, and many things which shock the disciples of literary flawlessness. But he is big, and that is the main thing with the public and with the really human critic, however educated he may be. He is humorous and deep, vivid and original, and the public loves genius when it contains something of the universal, or something male and large, or something tender and simple. Mr. Kipling is read for his fire and motion, Mr. Barrie for his smiles and tears. Hamlet and Othello are popular from New York to Kalamazoo, and from London's West End through-out the English provinces.

Another side is what leads the artistic to scorn the opinion of the "mob." The public loves Hall Caine, Marie Corelli and the brood of American historical novels. Now Hall Caine and Marie Corelli have talent. Miss Corelli has the gift of creating an exciting atmosphere, of drawing flagrant contrasts between good and evil, poverty and riches, happiness and sorrow—the contrasts to which the average heart is most accessible. She is inferior as an artist because she does not give the finer shades which the more cultivated taste demands. Excellent writers, of narrow appeal, have what Miss Corelli lacks, and lack what she possesses. The greatest writers, combining the two aspects of art, please both the critical and the simple.

The public likes the chromo of a little dog sitting on his hind legs, holding a biscuit between his paws. At the Chicago Fair "Breaking Home Ties" was surrounded by hundreds where one or two saw any beauty in a Whistler study in silver. In a famous French comedy a young aristocrat marries for money into the middle class. He loves pictures which his innocent father-in-law fails to understand. "Look," says the marquis, "at this band of green light, running between the orange of the horizon and the cold blue of the rest of the sky. How it is rendered!"

"And the first plane," adds his friend the Duke, "what paint! What solidity!"

The old business man does not understand.

"Well, what does it represent?"

"Why, it represents nine o'clock in the evening, in summer, in the country."

"Well," says old Poivier, "that subject doesn't say anything. I have in my bedroom an engraving which represents a dog on the edge of the sea, howling, before a sailor's hat. Now I understand that. It is ingenious, simple, touching."

The cultivated marquis hides a sneer and answers with polite irony:

"Well, Monsieur Poivier, since you like pictures with pathos I will draw you one after a subject which I myself took from nature. There lay on a table a little onion, cut in four parts—a white, poor little onion! The knife lay beside it. . . . It was nothing and yet it brought the tears to one's eyes."

There you have the aristocratic view of art, and the democratic, each sharp in its limitations. The aristocrat despises the simple sentiment, the business man is unable to see the beauty in a stripe of orange paint. What does your great artist do? He often pleases both. The expert bows before Raphael and the simplest woman loves the Sistine Madonna. In music a trained ear may be needed for Brahms, but the musical and many ignorant of music

"The time has come," the Walrus said,  
"To talk of many things;  
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax,  
Of cabbages, and kings,  
And why the sea is boiling hot,—  
And whether pigs have wings."

may feel together the symphonies of Beethoven. The public cares less for technical treatment than for subject. The greatest artist is strong in both.

I was once taken through his gallery by a very rich man. His rooms were full of masterpieces, chosen for him by a painter. He was proud of them, but silent, believing they were great but not seeing why. Then he took me into a little inner room, where hung only one painting, a large one, which, truly representing him, made him communicative. It was a Bouguereau, and the only picture in the whole gallery which raised a real emotion in its owner. The other day I went to our Metropolitan Museum, in New York, to examine the Vanderbilt Collection. The most exquisite landscapes imaginable hung next to a Merle or a Vibert, and I seemed to see, now the artist adviser choosing, now the million-

aire "breaking loose" and enjoying his own taste. What are the most popular pictures in that Museum? Bouguereau, Cabanel, the pretty and rapid; Mozart's last hour, a solemn subject, so badly treated artistically that it becomes humorous; a girl in the arena, surrounded by tigers, leaning to pick up a rose, which some sympathetic Roman, perhaps a lover, has cast from the benches above; a girl on her lover's lap, representing the sentiment that makes the world go round; some sheep, huddled together, in a storm of snow, with a dog shivering beside them. The crowd surrounds these things, and I also like them. I frankly like the painting in which the author of "Breaking Home Ties" has depicted a woman bathed in lamplight, while the piano is played in the background.

Sentimental? Of course it is. It may be painted well or ill, but I like the common humanity in it. If it seems ill done I will not call it a good painting, but I shall feel no shame in lingering happily before it; not any more than when I listen to the ungrammatical sorrows of a simple woman. Life comes first. Art is secondary, though art is well. I love the Hokusai, "the old man crazy about painting," but the world can not be made of Hokusai. Plato even thought that art put a veil between man's soul and the truth, and Tolstoi is telling us to-day that no art is good which the simplest fails to understand—or at least to feel. That is to exaggerate a truth. The aristocracy of art is necessary to its health and progress, just as a high mechanical skill is, in building, a necessary aid to the most interesting architectural ideas. There is value in any book or picture which sets a high standard of accomplishment, even if it has nothing to say outside of technique, but from the standpoint of a human being, of an American interested in the general welfare of his country, rather than in the traditional affairs of culture, there is a keener interest in what art can do for the nation, for the average man of whom the nation is composed.

Prosper Mérimée, one of the most brilliant and perfectly finished of all short story writers, answering the point that a certain author had the power to move his readers, said in effect: "Break a poodle's leg—show it hanging there—the poor dumb beast helpless—the trick is done. Your heart weeps. It is too easy."

Pathos is popular. Audiences like to laugh and they like to weep, but not bitter tears, and usually not tragic ones. They like kindly, gentle, hopeful tears. They like sympathy. They like "Rip Van Winkle," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the "Old Homestead," and the popularity of Dickens never wavers, for Dickens is both average and great. Intellectual men have sometimes called the public a child, but in a better view it is a woman. It can be led to the highest thoughts, but the path is through sentiment and emotion. Feed it with sentiment and emotion, ladled with reasonable skill, and it accepts your dish. Into this emotion put high thought and imagination and the public is thankful.

In our American life to-day woman is more open to the appeal of beauty than is man. A busy and clever New Yorker was told that he should pay more attention to the æsthetic side of things. He answered that he was constantly pursued by his affairs, "and a man who is being chased down the side of a mountain by a bear has no time to look at the scenery." Even outside of the hurried hours the man is likely to be filled by his work, his wife, and his children. He is seeking for nothing else. Labor, family affection, and the practical details of home absorb all of his energy. He feels no void. When he opens a newspaper or magazine he seeks information; he continues his practical train of thought. He reads the editorials, the political and financial news, labor articles, crop reports, inventions, combinations of capital—all about the useful, nothing about the graces, the beauties, the inner aspirations of life. He might laugh in a bored way, if he heard the hackneyed words, "the light that never was on sea or land."

This personal, inner side of life means more to the woman who spends her years beside him. There is something unsatisfied in her, unfed. There is a vacant place which needs to be filled. She is more religious than he is. She is more likely to be a lover of music. She is made happier by a flower.



## January : By Madeline Bridges

Ah, sweet the holly-berries glow—  
A summer dream in winter snow;

But sweeter far her pensive face—  
A dream of quaint old-fashioned grace.

... 0



## THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL

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Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

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The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

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In herself she cultivates beauty and charm, where he seeks material efficiency and power. She reads more novels, more poetry. While he is following the news of the day, she is reading what will be as true to all eternity. She is more open to fancy, to imagination, to what has no utility, except to raise one's thoughts and feelings to a higher plane. Not only in a figurative sense, therefore, is the public, in literature and art, a woman, but actually.

We can often enjoy much more than we can understand. An admirable professor of French once informed me, when I was just beginning the study, that it was well to read and hear a good deal of the language in a form in which I could understand little—progress would be faster through that experience. What the plain man likes and the critical man approves are often the same thing, even where one sees much and the other little. The greatest dramatic critic, since Lessing helped to purify the taste of Germany, was Francisque Sarcey, who was a gospel to the Parisian of medium education and intelligence, at the same time that his opinion had most weight with the playwright or the liberal man of letters. There was no literary affectation about him, although he loved literature and possessed a pure style. Every thought of his came out under the guidance of a large common-sense. Between his criticism and that of the most popular of recent English dramatic critics, Clement Scott, there was a difference analogous to the difference between Dickens and Hall Caine. One represented his readers and at the same time helped them. The other appealed to them on their weakest side, and, in an intellectual sense, made them the victims of his bunco game. In the fine arts, on the other hand, the most popular English critic of our times was a man of immense sincerity. Ruskin is the guide, philosopher, and friend of the Cook Tourist in every gallery in Europe. He had in common with Sarcey an absolute conviction, although one was strenuous in expression and the other easy, and he had literary excellence much higher in degree, but what recommended him most of all was the eloquence and ardor with which he turned art into morality. He ignored the gift of the gods, the mere talent, except so far as it was connected with the soul. If a man painted an object with fidelity, with veracity, it was because he was a truthful man. Art and morals, or ethics, are like two circles, drawn upon the same page, and overlapping; the greater part of the smaller circle, art, lies upon the larger circle of morality—but not all of it. Some of it is a gift without moral significance, like the ability of the Indian rubber man in the dime museum to place his heel on the middle of his back or of the uneducated mathematical phenomenon to tell in a second how much is 4,917 times 83 1/2. These facts do not prove a plant disposition in the India-rubber man or an exact and honest devotion to fact in the numerical calculator. There are freaks in nature, and much of art is freak. Some of us are born rich, and some are born poor. Some have straight spines and others crooked. That machine, the brain, works well in some, and ill in others, and so likewise does the heart. My gospel of success in art is much like my gospel of life; the amount of principle is about the same in each—in each a like amount of mystery, of rewards and losses forever unexplained.

## Good-bye

By Hildegarde Hawthorne

Good-bye—O bitter word!—good-bye.

How may Love live from Love apart?

But how if there were no "good-bye,"

Because no lover shared her heart?

## The Lion's Mouth

THE LION'S MOUTH will award prizes aggregating in value \$329 for the best twenty sets of replies to the questions printed below. All answers must be written on a single sheet of paper, on both sides if necessary. The replies to the first eight questions must not exceed three lines each. The replies to the ninth and tenth questions must not exceed fifty words each. The competition closes February 5. The names of the prize winners will be announced in the February Household Number.

1. Which of the five numbers published in January do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
2. Which article in these five numbers do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
3. Which story do you like best, and which do you like least, and why; and are you reading the serial?
4. Which drawing (this includes the cover) do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
5. Which photograph, or series of photographs, do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
6. Which department in COLLIER'S WEEKLY do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
7. Which feature of the Household Number do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
8. What feature of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, if any, is not to your liking?
9. What suggestion can you make that, in your opinion, will improve COLLIER'S WEEKLY?
10. What publication, apart from COLLIER'S WEEKLY, do you like best, and why?

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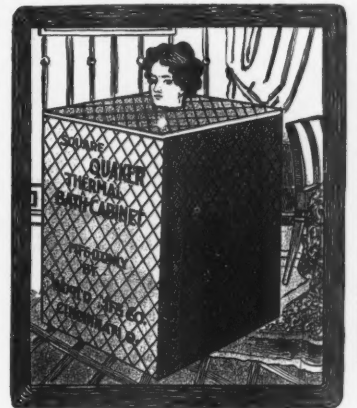
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L. J. MORRISON, Pellville, Ky., afflicted 30 years, unable to walk, was cured of kidney disease, rheumatism, general debility after everything else failed.



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JOHN CURTIS, Box 321, Malone, N. Y., afflicted from head to foot with frightful eczema, also had kidneys, impure blood and weak heart was cured after doctors and all failed. Had despaired of life.

ELIZABETH COLEMAN, Bokeshe, I. T., testifies that her doctor told her two years ago she had deadly Bright's and kidney disease. Could not live a month. He recommended the Quaker Treatment. She writes it saved her life. Now well and strong. Does her own housework.

REV. J. W. HENDERSON, Weston, La., writes: That his son 13 years old the doctors had given up to die. Badly bloated. So terribly afflicted with dropsy, could not walk. Thank God the marvelous power of the Quaker Cabinet cured him in two weeks.

D. P. SMITH, Greensburg, Kan., an old soldier. Never a well day since 1862. A more woe. 68 years old. After most eminent doctors failed to benefit, was cured of heart failure, kidney troubles, rheumatism and sore eyes. Today he is hale and hearty.

MRS. ANNA WOODRUM, Thurman, Iowa, afflicted for years testifies that she was cured of nervous prostration, headache, indigestion, kidney and female ills with the Quaker Treatment after doctors and medicines failed. Has since sold many Cabinets to friends and says everyone is delighted.

MRS. L. COEN, of Mayville, Mo., was relieved of pains, congestions, etc., and recommends the Quaker as a God-Sent to all suffering ladies.

MRS. W. BLACKWELL, Birmingham, Miss., writes: "I hope that old chronic cases like mine that have been doctored half to death will not give up but take courage as I did, and try the wonderful Quaker Bath Cabinet Treatment. I have muscular paralysis 3 years. Was helpless. Doctors said I was a hopeless case. After three of the famous Quaker Treatments my improvement was wonderful, and now a year later I can walk as well as ever. Am fat and well."

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WM. CORNET, Smithville, Miss., 72 years old. Terribly afflicted with lung trouble 16 years. Hardly able to walk. Testifies that it did him more good than all medicines and 7 doctors. Benefited his lungs. Cured his neuralgia and rheumatism. After three treatments threw away his cane. Walked 7 miles.

REV. FRED. HAMILTON, Buffalo, says: "This Quaker Treatment did my wife more good in 5 weeks than 3 years doctoring and a fortune spent at Hot Springs and Health Resorts. Cured her of female weakness, nervousness and dropsy with which she had long suffered. It is a God-Sent blessing to humanity."

JULIAN F. TANNER, La Fayette, La., afflicted, testifies that this marvelous Treatment cured him of a stroke of paralysis when the best doctors failed to benefit.

MISS M. SPARKS, Hatley, Miss., afflicted 2 years with acute indigestion, had not eaten solid food for 3 months. After six treatments could eat what she wanted. In a few months was completely well.

THE ATHENS SANITARIUM, Athens, Pa., writes: They find the Quaker Cabinet Treatment splendid for curing Morphine, Cocaine, Opium, Cigarette, Tobacco and Liquor Habits. Hundreds of prominent people have been cured there.

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## Questions and Answers

Questions on any subject may be sent to this department, and the answers will be published at the earliest possible date after receipt. All communications should be addressed: "Questions and Answers" Department, Collier's Weekly, New York City. No replies by mail.

**Edw. Eskola.**—Address M. le Directeur de l'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, France.

**Rachel M.**—Dr. John Duncan Quackenbos may be reached through the New York Academy of Medicine.

**A Referee.**—The easiest way for you to find out the information about the number of immigrants who have arrived in Boston since July, 1902, would be to address the authorities there.

**A. L. W.**—To clean a white bearskin rug, rub into the hair white cornmeal. Leave it to stand for a few days without disturbing, then shake and beat. The cornmeal will bring the dirt with it.

**H. A. A.**—We advise you to apply to the President of the American Library Association, Dr. J. T. Billings, who will put you on the right track. A letter addressed to him in care of Public Library, New York City, will reach him.

**Mrs. Chas. O. Ellis.**—Your sought-for novel, "Hermia Suydan," was written by Mrs. Atherton, and has been out of print for some time. You might come across it searching through an old book shop. Have you asked for it at a public library?

**N. G. Hadden.**—A much better and quicker way than by addressing a steamship company to find out information you want, is to address the Board of Education in New York City. They will furnish particulars concerning the training ship.

**"Denver."**—Charles Dickson, whom you saw in "Quincy Adams Sawyer," first attracted public attention as a comedian in Charles Frohman's Lyceum company in the early eighties. Charles Dickson's wife's stage name is Lillian Burkhart.

**N. G. F.**—We advise you to consult a business directory, which will yield you any number of names of individuals and firms in the line you seek. There are many schools of design throughout the United States, many of which would advise what course to pursue upon examination of your work.

**A. E. M.**—Carbolized oil can be obtained at any drug store. Liquid soap can also be obtained, but it can be made at home by simply slicing castile soap into small pieces and stirring gently into warm water while on the fire. When quite dissolved pour into a wide-mouthed jar and use as required.

**I. M. G.**—A bride may quite properly receive at a wedding reception in the gown which she wore at the ceremony, even if it is a cloth travelling suit. For light refreshments to be handed around at the reception you might have chicken and nut and cheese sandwiches, pinolles, salted peanuts, pistachio cream and lady-fingers.

**Rose.**—To remove tar stains, spread lard over the marks and allow it to stand till the tar may be carefully loosened with a knife. Afterward soak with turpentine. When all the tar has been scraped off, sponge with turpentine and rub gently till dry. The line may afterward be washed and bleached, when all sign of a stain will disappear.

**Speculator.**—Nearly all of your questions have been touched upon in our series of articles entitled "Opportunities for Americans in Cuba." Two or twenty years from now the chances will be almost as attractive. We think your business would be a prosperous one on the island. You might address the author of our articles, inclosing stamp for reply, if you are seriously contemplating going to Cuba.

**Miss M. W. A. (Florida).**—Your best plan would be to watch the advertisements in the daily papers. Addressing envelopes is given out by a great many good firms, and although the work is not very remunerative, it fills up spare time, and brings in a little pocket money. Some of the big stores also occasionally give out circulars to be addressed. You might apply to some of them in your own handwriting.

**Toronto.**—It is difficult to advise any one on a matter of so personal a nature as that concerning which you ask. On general principles, however, leaving out entirely the personal element, it would no doubt be more profitable and satisfactory in the end for you to devote all your energies and talents to drawing and illustration. You would find life on the vaudeville stage a most laborious and harassing existence.

**Subscriber.**—Please adopt some other pseudonym. Wash your hands in hot water in which a little common washing soda has been dissolved. This has a drying effect. Tie up a little pure talcum powder in a corner of your handkerchief, and when your hands perspire very much rub the palms gently with it. The little powder which oozes through the muslin will be quite sufficient to make the hands dry and smooth for a time at least. We know of no permanent cure for this. It arises from many different causes.

**Little Dot.**—(1) Rub a little turpentine over with a soft cloth, wipe off carefully and polish with a chamolais leather. (2) If the freckles are of long standing, the following lotion will be suitable for you: White precipitate, 1

drum; subnitrate of bismuth, 1 dram; glycerine ointment, 1 ounce. Mix well, and apply a thin layer every other night, letting it remain on until the morning. Continue this for six or seven weeks. This will make the skin peel and when this begins leave off and use a little powder. (3) Good healthy out-of-door exercise is about the best thing. Avoid sitting about too much and lying in bed.

**Anxious M. C.**—You are a good weight for your age, and with care may greatly improve your condition. Live, if possible, in a high, dry locality, and take plenty of regular exercise in the open air. Many make the mistake of taking violent exercise, which defeats its object. As soon as fatigue begins to be felt rest awhile, or stop altogether. Never over-walk, or get over-tired. Take cod-liver oil for a time, and plenty of milk and fresh eggs. The unpleasant taste of the oil can be completely taken away by first biting a piece of dry orange peel, or keeping it in the mouth for a short time.

**Miss Frieda Dietz.**—For a domino party, the players may be grouped as partners with four at one table. Use dominoes, two of each number, to select partners, by ladies and gentlemen choosing a domino from separate trays. Have the prizes all in black and white, silhouette calendars, a bottle of ink with a white ribbon tied around the neck, black and white china dogs, or anything in these colors which can be picked up on bric-a-brac counters. A realistic imitation of dominoes may be served during the last course at supper in the form of little cakes. Bake a snow cake in shallow pans and cut into small oblongs with a sharp knife. Ice all over sides and top with a dark chocolate frosting. Before this dries, drop on the halves tiny, round, white candies, which will make realistic domino spots.

**Kate Thatman.**—To make salt rising bread, stir into one pint of boiling water enough flour to make a thick batter. Add half a teaspoonful of salt and beat with a wire whisk till you have a mass of air bubbles. Cover tightly, set in a pan of warm water and stand in a warm place over night. In the morning scald one pint of milk. When it is lukewarm add one teaspoonful of salt and flour enough to make a batter that will drop from a spoon. Pour this into the salt-rising batter, which should be quite frothy. Beat hard for five minutes, then cover and set in warm water for two hours to rise again. Add flour enough to make a fine springy dough, knead well, divide into loaves, put in greased pans, cover with a towel, and when light bake for one hour in a moderate oven. The secret of success with salt-rising bread is keeping it warm during every process; if it receives a chill while it is rising it will not recover from the effects of the cold.

**C. W. B.**—Your question is very vague. Still we shall try to help you out. First, we know nothing about an oil that will make photographs transparent. But we can tell you how to transfer a print to glass, which you might paint according to your taste afterward. Take of gum sandarac 4 ounces; mastic, 1 ounce; Venice turpentine, 1 ounce; alcohol, 15 ounces. Digest in a bottle, frequently shaking until fully incorporated and ready for use. Take a piece of good plate glass of the size of the picture to be transferred. Coat it evenly with the mixture, keeping the varnished surface perfectly clean. Beginning at one side, press down the picture firmly and smoothly as you proceed, so that no air can possibly lodge between. Put it aside and let dry thoroughly. Next moisten the paper cautiously with water and remove it piecemeal by rubbing carefully and gently with finger tips. If skillfully done a perfect transfer of the picture to the glass will have been effected. But perform your operations slowly, exercising the best care of which you are capable.

**E. W. M.**—A luncheon announcing the engagement of a young lady to an army officer admits of unique decorations. Hang the rooms with flags and pennants. Set a heart-shaped table draped with white satin. If orange blossoms are obtainable, arrange them with maidenhair fern for a centerpiece. Around it have a heart-shaped centre like an immense frosted wedding cake. Let a narrow ribbon of red, white and blue run from the centrepiece to each plate with the name of each guest painted on an end. Have the menus shaped and painted on one side like bombshells, knapsacks, helmets, fatigue-caps, cannons or canteens. Letter the menus on the back in red and blue. Drape the chair of the fiancée with a large American flag, and place before her a turtle dove. At a signal from the hostess each guest should pull the ribbon beside her plate, when the centrepiece will break into tiny heart-shaped boxes iced like a wedding cake filled with red, white and blue candies. A menu which would carry out the national colors might be blue points, cream of celery soup, lobster cutlets with Bechamel sauce, celery, radishes, claret punch, tenderloin of beef, fresh mushrooms, tomato and cucumber salad, red, white and blue ice cream, fancy cakes, coffee.



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The Winton double cylinder motor, of the opposed type, has behind it an unparalleled success, demonstrating beyond cavil the correctness of the principles on which it was designed. The 1902 car, with its 15 horsepower motor, is the foundation of our present model, which has fulfilled our most sanguine expectations. The intensely gratifying results shown by this new model give added strength to our position as leaders in the world's automobile-building industry.

Price of the 30 horsepower, 1903 Winton Touring Car, including detachable tonneau, two full brass side lamps, tools, etc., \$2500. Visit any of our branch or agency depots and the many features of Winton excellence will be fully demonstrated.

### Branches and Agencies

New York, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, 150-152 E. 58th Street, Percy Owen, Manager.  
Chicago, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, 1400 Michigan Avenue, Chas. H. Tucker, Manager.  
Cleveland, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, Euclid Avenue and Huron Street, Chas. B. Shanks, Manager.  
Boston, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, 41 Stanhope Street, Harry Fendick, Manager.  
Philadelphia, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, 248-248 North Broad Street, A. E. Maltby, Manager.  
Baltimore, Md., Cook & Owens.  
Buffalo, N. Y., W. C. Jaynes & Co., 875-875 Main St.  
Binghamton, N. Y., R. W. Whipple & Company.  
Cincinnati, O., The Hanser Automobile Company.  
Columbus, O., Avery & Davis, 1197 Franklin Avenue.  
Dayton, Ohio, Kiser & Company.  
Denver, Col., Colorado Automobile Company.  
Detroit, Mich., W. E. Metzger, Jefferson Avenue.  
Grand Rapids, Mich., Adams & Hart.  
Indianapolis, Ind., Fisher Automobile Company.  
Keene, N. H., Wilkins Toy Company.  
Los Angeles, Cal., The Locomobile Co. of the Pacific.  
Louisville, Ky., Sutcliffe & Company.  
Milwaukee, Wis., Bass-Olsen Automobile Company.  
Minneapolis, Minn., A. C. Bennett, 112 South Sixth Street.  
New Haven, Conn., H. C. Holcomb, 105 Goffe Street.  
Omaha, Neb., H. E. Fredrickson.  
Pittsburg, Pa., Seely Manufacturing Company, East End.  
Providence, R. I., H. G. Martin & Company.  
Rochester, N. Y., Rochester Automobile Company, J. J. Mandery, Manager.  
San Francisco, The Locomobile Company of the Pacific.  
St. Louis, Mo., Halsey Automobile Company, 4259 Olive Street.  
Syracuse, N. Y., Syracuse Automobile Company.  
Toledo, O., Toledo Motor Carriage Company, Chas. M. Hall, Manager.  
Toronto, Canada, Canada Cycle & Motor Company.  
Troy, N. Y., James Lacey, 339 Fulton Street.  
Washington, D. C., Cook & Owens, Stanton Court.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE COMPANY, Berea Road, Cleveland, U. S. A.

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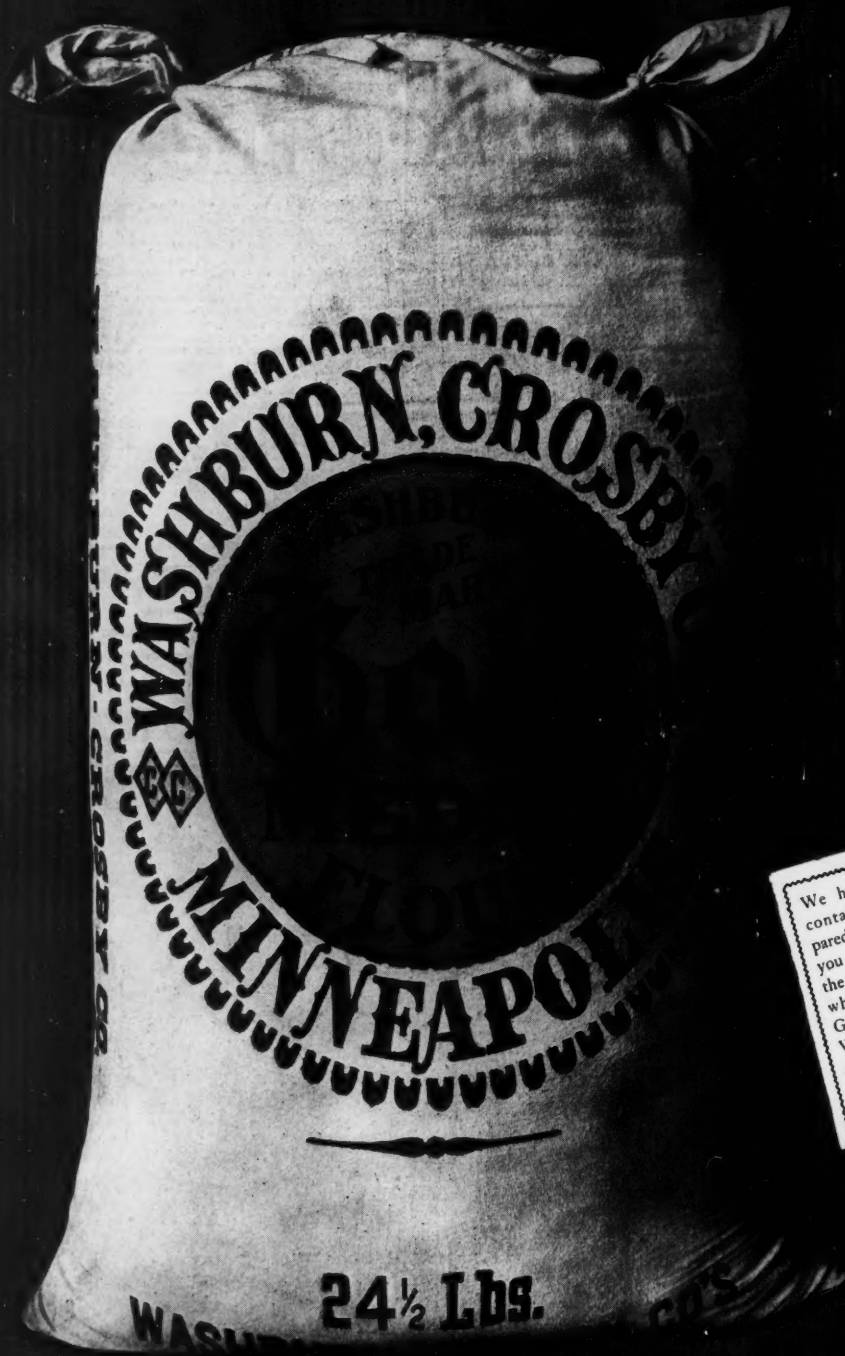
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